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JANUARY 26, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

THE UN's IDIOT POLICY IN THE CONGO —Ernest van den Haag

10 DAYS THAT SHOOK THE EXCHEQUER —Colm Brogan

DEATH OF THE POET: MR. ELIOT, R. I. P. —Hugh Kenner

Also In This Issue:

LYNDON JOHNSON'S ROYAL WE ♦ THE NEW LEADERSHIP IN THE CONGRESS ♦ THE ANTI-RIGHT LITERATURE ♦ WILLIAM SCHLAMM ON MAX EASTMAN ♦ ALSO BURNHAM, E. VON KUEHNELT-LEDDINN

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CONTENTS *JANUARY 26, 1965 VOL. XVII, NO. 4*

THE WEEK 47

ARTICLES, DEPARTMENTS

To the Editor 42
From Washington Straight .....*Cato* 55
The State of LBJ .....*Wm. F. Buckley Jr.* 56
Ten Days That Shook the Exchequer ..*Colm Brogan* 57
A Week with Squadron 365 .....*Anthony Harrigan* 59
The New Isolationism .....*James Burnham* 60
The UN's Idiot Policy in the Congo
Ernest van den Haag 61
First Impressions.....*E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn* 62
T.S. Eliot, RIP .....*Hugh Kenner* 63
Trans-O-Gram 79
For the Record 80

BOOKS, ARTS, MANNERS

Eastman's Loves and Revolutions
William S. Schlamm 65
Tough Characters, Solid Novels .....*Guy Davenport* 66
'The Public Enemy' .....*M. Stanton Evans* 70
Gustav Mahler—The Sadness of Horns
Ralph de Toledano 71
Books in Brief 72

VERSE

Let's Be Indiscreet .....*W. H. von Dreele* 58

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In This Issue . . .

→ Professor **Ernest van den Haag** says the time has truly come to mobilize against the stupidity of United States policy. He refers to the extraordinary pressure we are putting on Moise Tshombe to take the rebels into his government. His withering analysis comes from a special knowledge of the Congo that dates back to a trip he took there two years ago, back when everyone was fighting Tshombe, and no one was arguing that Tshombe should be taken into the Central Government. Mr. van den Haag last wrote on the Congo, presciently as ever, in the September 8 issue ("The Lesson of the Congo"). . . . Mr. **Colm Brogan** reviews the performance of the Labor Government's Funny Money Men, marvels at their spectacular ineptitude, and shows how it transpired that Uncle Sugar ended up calling the shots: which he as an Englishman rightly resents, even if it means the Labor Government's ideologues will be slowed down. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn,** back in Latin America after four years, describes some of the changes there, but points once again to the iron dilemma: the people who want instant wealth without work, and are forever being deluded into believing that politics is the way to get it.

→ **William Buckley** listened to the State of the Union speech and thought he heard there the strains of narcissism, as though Uncle Cornpone had spent too much time lately listening to *Hail to the Chief*. . . **Hugh Kenner** pays tribute to perhaps the greatest poet of the century, certainly its greatest critic: an American Englishman who befriended Mr. Kenner, and who was a charter subscriber to this journal. Mr. Kenner's book on T. S. Eliot, *The Invisible Poet*, has received great critical acclaim. And it was Mr. Kenner who persuaded Mr. Eliot to permit the publication of the dissertation he had prepared as a Ph.D. thesis shortly before the First World War. . . . And **Anthony Harrigan** reports on a week with a Marine Helicopter Squadron in Vietnam.

→ Mr. **William S. Schlamm** reviews the autobiography of Max Eastman, *Love and Revolution*. Mr. Schlamm, one of the original editors of NATIONAL REVIEW, has published two best-selling books in Germany, and will bring out a new book, *Who Is a Jew?*, in the spring. He returns to Europe at the end of this month, and will live in Zurich. He writes regularly for *Il Borghese*, and will report from time to time to NATIONAL REVIEW on the European scene. Mr. Max Eastman, an old friend of NATIONAL REVIEW, and a frequent critic of *NR*'s "religiosity," has apparently written a fine and adventurous book dealing with an important period in his life and the world's. . . . Professor **Guy Davenport** reviews respectfully three very good novels. . . . **M. Stanton Evans,** editor of the *Indianapolis News*, reviews the Overstreet book about the wretched right wing, and the Anti-Defamation League's defamation on same, with remarkable charity. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** reviews the life and works of the great, morose Mahler, and calls to our attention a few valuable new releases. →

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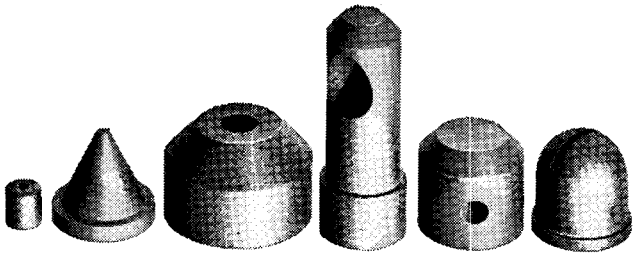

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To the Editor

Paging van den Haag

Why no letters on Ernest van den Haag's explosive piece, "Intelligence or Prejudice?" [*NR*, Dec. 1]?

Cambridge, Mass. CURIOUS

See next issue. —ED.

Allen With Buckley

Re the Buckley-Allen bill enjoining the SAC to employ a nuclear strike against the nuclear installations in Red China upon two-hour notice [Dec. 29]: 1) Would we not first have to *recognize* them, protocol-wise? 2) Suppose that idealistic civilians, scientists and military personnel refuse to evacuate the area—would not *that* turn our act into one of aggression?

PAUL KRASSNER
New York, N.Y. *The Realist*

1) No. 2) No. —ED.

Allen Without Tears

NR is correct in bringing to public attention the plight of the Jo Pack Company of Pikesville, Kentucky, reportedly closing down because of its inability to pay $1.25 an hour [Dec. 15]. But fifty dollars a week is mighty little on which to support a family, as *NR*'s editors would know if they presently attempted it. Is Jo Pack truly *unable* to pay this rate (which —let us remember—is a minimum) or only *unwilling* to do so? Perhaps we should indeed weep for Jo Pack, but I shall withhold tears until I learn what the company now pays employees.

Hollywood, Calif. STEVE ALLEN

Jo Pack, who has closed down, paid the State minimum of 70 cents an hour, regarded as a fair wage for those unable otherwise to find work in Eastern Kentucky. And stop trying to change the subject, Allen.—ED.

Report from Berkeley

The Republican Party and its Young Republicans have always favored the freest possible expression of ideas and political activities consistent with democratic processes, law and order. The activities of the University of California Young Republicans at Berkeley have been completely consistent with these principles. We

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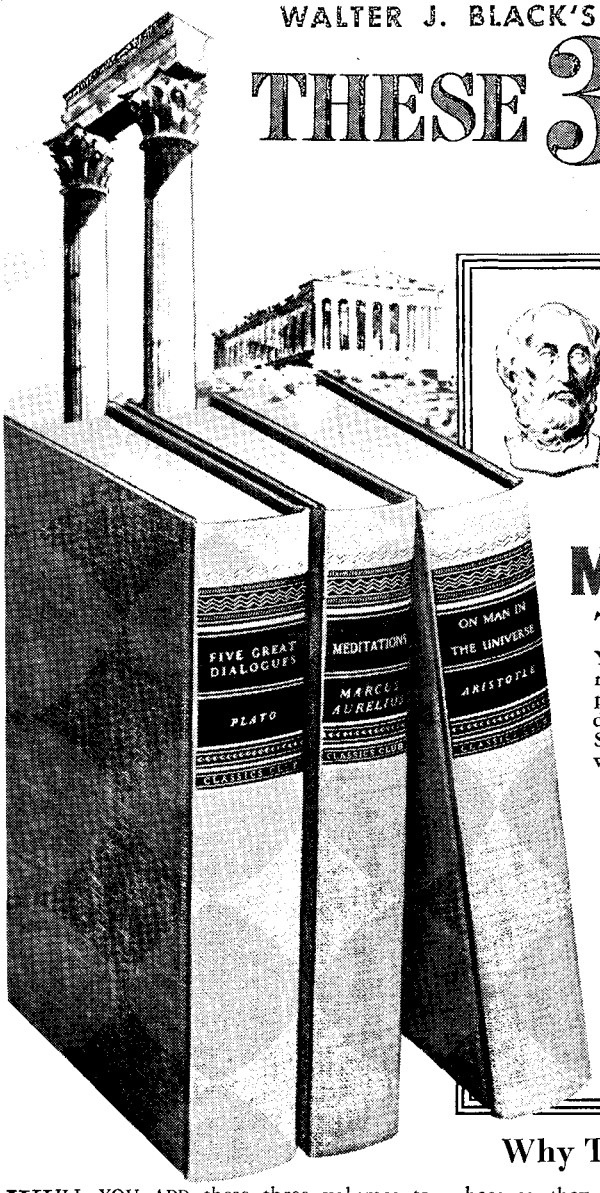

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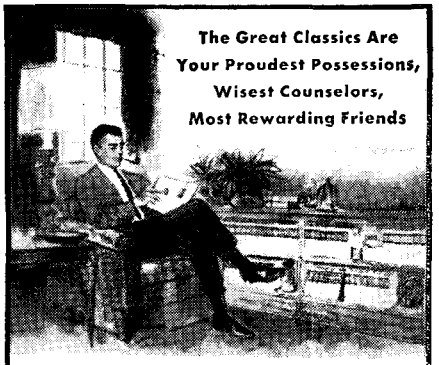

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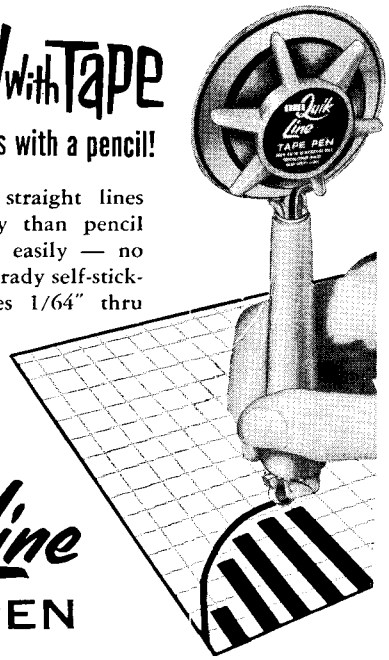

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negotiated in good faith with President Kerr and the University administration for the broadening of political activities on this campus. At the same time we opposed the educationally disruptive and unlawful tactics of the group calling itself the "Free Speech Movement" (FSM).

We remained members of the FSM *with the hope of moderating their tactics.* On Dec. 2 we withdrew from the FSM convinced that it was hurting the image of a great University and destroying any chance of a further broadening of already liberalized political regulations.

The sad fact is that the FSM has inflicted irreparable damage on this campus. The University's independence and faculty-student relationship are at stake and may never be the same again. The fact that many of the FSM's more militant tactics were suggested by identified Communist infiltrators and that these same infiltrators have greatly increased their influence over the FSM, makes us all the sicker. The situation on the Berkeley campus is bad and will probably become worse. But it is important to understand that the FSM neither represents nor is typical of the vast majority of Cal students.

Berkeley, Calif. WARREN L. COATS JR.

Hooray for Heath

Aloise Heath's "Politics and Mortal Sin" [Dec. 29] was sheer joy.

Seattle, Wash. NANCY ANN HOLTZ

"Politics and Mortal Sin" is a gem and ranks, I think, with Max Geltman's "Hannah Arendt and Her Critics" [Nov. 17] as a masterpiece.

Los Angeles, Calif. COLLIN E. COOPER, M.D.

Arrrgh

"Twenty-six million Americans use Excedrin." No wonder!

Wellesley, Mass. SARAH F. FULTON

Disgusted

I just read Wm. Buckley's article on Bobby Kennedy in the December 1 issue. I must say I was never so disgusted in my life.

It must give you people great satisfaction to run down the Kennedy family and their achievements. You call Bobby John Kennedy's "feisty little brother." I should consider it a compliment to be called "feisty." If I could accomplish half of what Robert Kennedy did while he was

(Continued on p. 77)

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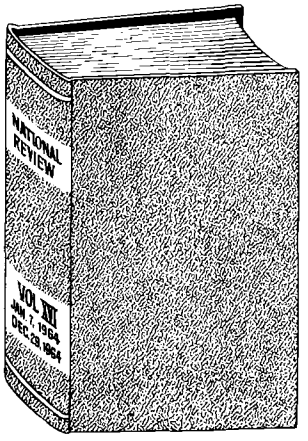

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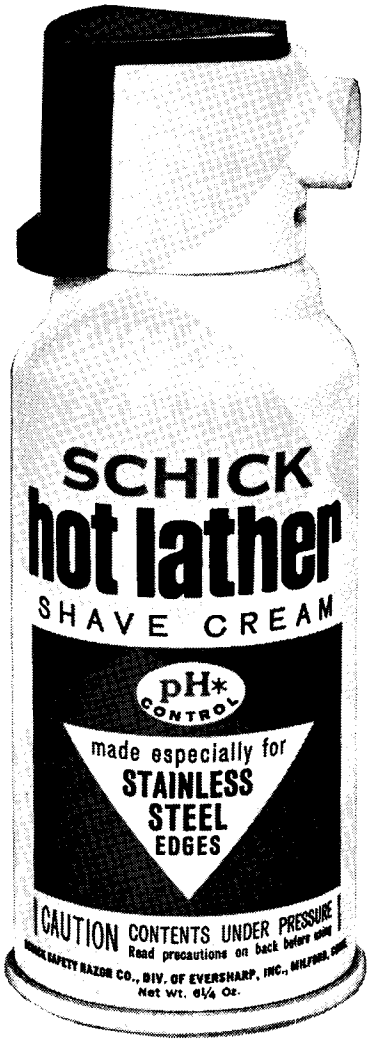

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The WEEK

● "We think our culture is going through a sexual crisis," said Dr. Mary Calderone, looking flushed, at the first meeting of the U.S. Sex Information and Education Council. "At such a moment of crisis," she continued, "we think a strong group needs to stand up and . . ." and we stood up and, thinking of what was yet to come, walked into the cold night air.

● The longshoremen's strike in our eastern and southern ports is costing the nation $25 million daily. All the processes of collective bargaining, private and governmental, have been exhausted. The contract agreed to by the shipping companies and the union officials, after many months of research and negotiating, is recognized by all in government, management and labor who had a hand in it as fantastic in the scale of money and benefits it provides. But the membership voted it down, because of its provision for gradually reducing the size of dock gangs from twenty to a still much larger than necessary seventeen. So the issue reverts to the bare exercise of power: the monopoly power seized piece by piece by the unions over three decades as the executive, the legislature, the courts, the companies and the community abdicated, piece by piece, their own power, their rights and responsibilities.

● That was a cozy scene that was, a week ago Sunday at St. Mark's Episcopal Church in Washington, as reported by UPI. Enter the First Family. The President stops and asks three small girls—"Coco" McPherson (6) and "her friends" Janice Diggs (11) and Colleen Diggs (9)—to sit between him and Mrs. President in the fourth (not the first, note well, but the fourth) pew. Janice and Colleen are Negroes. The congregation beams. The Pastor, the Rev. William Baxter (Anglo-Saxon), beams. Inspired, he devotes his sermon to the Great Society, which he announces (possibly to the astonishment of his prize worshiper) to be "the working of God; . . . whether we think of it in purely secular terms or not, this is the working of God." (God no doubt is equally astonished, the riches of this world not being particularly His cup of tea.) Garnett Adam, a layman (Negro), reads from the Scriptures—not, we'll bet, from Matthew IV: 1-2. The congregation files out and repairs to the parish house where Mr. Johnson, over a cup of black coffee (how come the script girl didn't integrate that cup, boy?), shakes the hands of men, women and "particularly" little children. One small boy (a comer, that lad), Martin Baumgart (6)—Jewish, may we presume?—"whispers into the President's ear: 'My daddy worked for you.'" The President beams. "That's the nicest thing I ever heard," he replies, on the record that time. To which *we* reply, "What really nauseating drivel!"

● If it hadn't been for the trio of Kuhn, Murphy and Clark, the world might never have heard of the beach boy, that odd breed of gaily feathered parasite flourishing on the new wealth of the sixties, aswarm in the paradisiacal places whither you fly now, pay later. The beach boy cultivates a tan but does not worship the sun. He is neither beach bum nor beachcomber—that largely mythical hobo surviving on plankton in his tarpaper shack. Nor is he your college boy working his way over to the Newport Jazz Festival. He is a businessman, an impecunious amiable predator who pleasures, more or less, his victims, lives strictly according to conformist codes of elegance, preserves a semiserious outlook on life, keeps athletically fit but smokes pot, breaks laws as you would crack your knuckles, and marries not at all. Professionally dead at 35, he is in a terrible sweat for the goods of this life, which he believes are the inheritance of his youth, but if he is vicious he is never frantic. He is cool, and he is camp. He may think of himself as Julien Sorel, but the world, greying fast, prefers a good insurance policy to style, and will say when the end comes: "Just a gigolo."

● The "Official Events Section" of the November 29 *Sovietskaya Russiya* listed scheduled events under the following subheads: Messages of Congratulations—Meetings—Visits— Demonstrations. *Pravda*, the following day, reported on said demonstrations, which turned out to be riots "spontaneously staged" by "foreign students" to protest the "imperialist intervention" of Belgium and the United States to save the hostages in the Congo.

● Take all those fine dispatches you've been reading lately on the "new freedom" to be enjoyed behind the Iron Curtain with a grain of salt and a generous spoonful of the following, from a statement by the 160,000-member World Federation of Hungarian Freedom Fighters: 1) On December 10, 1964, five Hungarians were sentenced to between five and ten years' imprisonment for "discussing the possibilities of a multi-party system." 2) In 1964, 111 persons were killed or injured in border zones by exploding mines which, removed in 1956, have been restored by the present regime. 3) In Budapest's Central Penitentiary alone, there are presently 453 political prisoners. 4) Freedom of speech, of religion, of assembly, of economic activity, is *streng verboten*. 5) Nine years after a revolution brought on by the

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misery of its presence, the Soviet Army continues to occupy Hungary.

● A collapsing fiscal position is a carefully concealed factor in UAR President Nasser's recent truculence. The UAR has a short-term debt to Western banks and investment houses of over $200 million, more than half overdue. It has overdrawn its Eastern-bloc credits by $220 million. Swiss sources disclose that in the last half of December Cairo air-freighted 30 tons of its fading gold hoard (about $35 million worth) in a desperate effort to shore up its international credit standing.

● "Huk" terrorism has flared up again in the Philippines, in several provinces of central Luzon Island. At least 32 Huk murders—of informers and village mayors—were recorded last year. A Communist guerrilla army on the model of the Vietcong, the Hukbong Mapagpalaya Nang Bayan, or "People's Liberation Army," is in effective control of nearly one hundred villages northwest of Manila, which it "taxes" to support itself. At the same time, anti-Americanism is running high, fanned by what a reliable Philippine source described as "mercenary" newsmen, in the service of "a third-country embassy openly allied with Red China"—Indonesia. *U.S. News and World Report* (Jan. 11) records that "it was Indonesian money, poured into some sectors of the Philippine press, that created the wave of anti-Americanism. . . ." In the 1965 Philippine presidential elections, it is certain that the continuing U.S. use of bases in the Philippines will be made an issue.

● Write the founders of a Kansas City branch of the National Council for Civic Responsibility: "We are equally concerned about extremism of the Left and the Right, but recognize that the immediate problem in our community is the Extreme Right." As for us, we are equally concerned about responsibility from the Left and the Right, but recognize that the immediate problem is extreme responsibility from the Left . . . .

The Southeast Asian Crisis: A Proposal

Washington, Jan. 12—Premier Eisaku Sato of Japan suggested today that the solution of the Vietnamese problem lay with the nations of Asia, not the West.
New York Times

Last July, at the time of the Republican convention, NATIONAL REVIEW published a special supplement stating a proposed "Program for a Goldwater Administration." We here reprint the section on Southeast Asia, recommending it for inclusion in a "Program for a Johnson Administration":

"Events in Southeast Asia have reached a stage of acute crisis that confronts the United States with a choice between two very hard alternatives. If the anti-Communist position collapses in the Mekong Valley, the longer term result will be Communist domination, direct or indirect, of all Southeast Asia down through the Philippines and Indonesia to Australia and New Zealand, along with the neutralization of Japan. The Indian subcontinent would be outflanked, and the entire western Pacific would become an alien sea. But the collapsing situation in Laos and South Vietnam has revealed that the Communist advance can be held only by a long and large-scale struggle to which substantial United States force would have to be committed.

"The choice may be hidden temporarily under diplomatic formulas about coalition, neutrality and international supervision. But fundamentally it reduces to: the United States must either withdraw from Southeast Asia and accept the global consequences just traced, or intervene with massive force and a strategy freed from many of the restrictions heretofore self-imposed.

"Abandonment of Southeast Asia threatens a catastrophic weakening of the world strategic position of the United States and the Western alliance. But it will be impossible to resist the Communist advance indefinitely unless the nations of Southeast Asia are willing to join in the fight against it.

"The Goldwater Administration should therefore initiate at the earliest date a solemn conference at which the threatened and presumptively anti-Communist nations of Southeast Asia and the western Pacific—South Vietnam, Thailand, Free China, Japan, the Philippine Republic, New Zealand and Australia —would meet with the United States and Great Britain (inevitably involved through the Commonwealth). This conference should determine whether the nations of the region are prepared to join in a common defense, on the pledge of adequate direct United States participation.

"If the indigenous nations are unwilling to fight in their own defense, then the withdrawal of United States forces from Southeast Asia should proceed as promptly as possible.

"If resistance is decided, the anti-Communist war should be transformed in conception as well as scale. The products of advanced weapons technology should be drawn on. The Communists should no longer be allowed the uninterrupted privilege of their North Vietnamese and Chinese sanctuaries."

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GOP Shuffle

From the standpoint of the Republican Party the replacement of Dean Burch by Ray Bliss is an appropriate solution to the given organizational problems. For the conservative tendency within the Republican Party, the shift, or more exactly the necessity for making some such shift, is a disappointment but much less than a disaster. For Barry Goldwater, the manner in which the deed was done is an embarrassment and a setback.

The fact of the matter is that the Republican Party comprises three distinct groupings—a Right wing, a Center, and a Left wing—no one of which is a clear majority. In any organization under such circumstances, exclusive control of the apparatus by one of the wings—even if that becomes formally possible by the internal voting situation—is inappropriate and ineffective, and likely to provoke a speedy and irremediable split. With Goldwater, a man of the Right, as Presidential candidate, there may have been some justification for Dean Burch, his personal and political friend, as head of the party machinery. But the campaign is ended, and ended in a harsh defeat of which Burch automatically becomes a major symbol—though any faults on his part had far less to do with the outcome than a) history, and b) the defection of the Left. Dean Burch, moreover, is not a national figure in his own right. All in all, there was really no choice: Burch had to go.

His going does deprive the conservative tendency of a committed representative of the Right in the Committee's head office (though Ray Bliss is by no means an anti-conservative). But the National Committee is not of decisive importance. The basic conservative strength remains what it is, and can become, in the party ranks, whoever holds the posts for the moment.

It was somewhat artificial to have a committed rightwinger as chairman: the actual present strength of the committed Right does not justify it. It does not correspond to the real relationship of forces, and for that reason the conservative tendency may even be better off without one of its very own in the top post. At the very least, it can be more flexible (see the editorial on REAP), and will not have to take the blame for the course of party action that it cannot in fact control.

Barry Goldwater would have done much better, for himself and his political friends, if he had recognized sooner that Burch had to go. His intransigent pro-Burch stand, his rather querulous statement that Burch's ouster would be "a repudiation of me," and the job-appeal he got Burch to make, were tactical errors. In spite of the face-saving politeness with which the shuffle was finally made, the background turns the whole incident into more of a defeat, at least in public impression, than it need have been. In addition, Goldwater's seemingly firm stand led many Committee members and other leading Republicans, in some cases against their own better judgment, to commit themselves publicly to Burch out of loyalty to Goldwater. Then Goldwater suddenly sawed off the limb these good soldiers had climbed out on.

It should not be supposed that installation of Ray Bliss as chairman settles anything fundamental. His regime will be like what Europeans call "a caretaker government of technicians"—a non-ideological arrangement resorted to precisely *because* there is no settlement of the underlying political conflicts. Mr. Bliss is not identified with any party tendency. He is an able, thoroughly professional politician, but it would be illusory to suppose that under his aegis the party will somehow regain its lost harmony. The internal divisions are too deep. In the months and years to come they will not vanish, but will mature.

So to REAP

Thousands of Republicans who worked for the ticket in 1964 and have a heightened zest for continued political action will welcome the talk of a new *Republican Education and Action Program,* which, as a grass roots mass organization, would have the effect of complementing the recently launched research and policy-formulating organization, American Conservative Union. Formation of REAP is being considered by Mr. F. Clifton White, the chairman, as *NR* readers will remember (see "Suite 3505," *NR*, Aug. 11, 1964), of the organization formed in 1961, which became in April 1963 the National Draft Goldwater Committee, and branched out in 1964 as the National Citizens for Goldwater-Miller (F. Clifton White, National Director).

As presently contemplated, REAP will serve as a national coordinating device for the community programs and political campaigns of coming years—aiming directly at the Congressionals in 1966 and the Big One in 1968.

Three and a half years ago, Suite 3505 consisted of two desks, two telephones, and two people with plenty of political savvy. This time it could start with an existing national organization and many thousands of volunteer workers who have seen action at the front lines. If the effect of Suite 3505 is proportionally magnified in 1966 and 1968, who can say but that our grandchildren, our children, nay even we conservatives now living, may enjoy a more felicitous republic?

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Who Really Wants the Great Society?

President Johnson pretends that at least 42,000,000 American voters want it, but fails to mention that as of November 3, 1964 the Great Society had been defined only as *any* society not headed by the *Schmierbund*'s caricature of Senator Goldwater. *After* the election, Mr. Johnson appointed fifteen study groups to tell him what the Great Society is. When they hand in their reports, we should have another election.

Needless to say, there are few indications of what it's all about, even now. The Presidential orations with which we shall shortly be bombarded will add little. This is Inauguration January, and in recent Inauguration Januaries there has clearly been developing a trend to publish ceremonial editions of the Collected Works of the future Administration. But at the same time less is genuinely "sold." The President doesn't go to the Hill these years to sell, at retail, a packet of plans suited to the times. He goes in the person of a speculative wholesale promoter, handing over immense quantities of all varieties of goodies on consignment, with the placid expectation of taking back the merchandise that doesn't move, and settling the accounts a year or so down the pike. At which time the President may, if he wishes, define the Great Society as that goal towards which the Congress has taken its first wobbly steps.

Let us be clear. President Johnson's Great Society doesn't exist and never will, first because he has no clear idea about what it is, and second because his vague gropings are Utopian and therefore impossible. But this does not mean that his endless speeches, though irrelevant, are insignificant, or without effect. They signify the largely unquestioned assumption that the coercive power of government is capable of reforming a people who have gone astray; but to the extent that the people look to government for improvement in their individual conditions, they feel no internal restraint upon their going further astray while they wait for Godot. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some are utterly incapable of having greatness thrust upon them.

Finally, a great deal of positive harm is done when political leaders raise hopes that are, and they know it, doomed. Able and ambitious individuals manufacture and seek to satisfy their own unrest, and the masses benefit from their exertions. Mass leaders can, but should not, arouse mass unrest, unless they are operating a revolutionary movement that outnumbers the constabulary. Great Utopias or Little Utopias cannot be attained, but reasonably tranquil societies certainly can be achieved and pre-

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served. President Johnson has inherited, through no effort of his own or even of Bobby Baker, a reasonably tranquil society, and his first obligation should be to shore up this benefice which is so rare in the modern world.

Whatever the Great Society means for the rest of us, though, there is one sector of the population that the President will find all-out for it: the general staff of the promised Wars on Poverty, Ignorance, Disease, Dirt and Death that sees opening up before it an unending vista of new bureaucratic empires to conquer.

The Crime of John Dos Passos

John Dos Passos "has become an *un*author, he doesn't exist any longer," British novelist John Braine—who took to heart his early discovery that time-serving is the easiest door to the *Room at the Top*—summarized in the *New York Times* Book Review's lead article, January 10. "Despite its title, *Occasions and Protests* is a sad, drab book." "This collection of essays," squeaked another voice of the Left through the megaphone of *Commonweal,* "is totally without distinction." Why? Because Dos Passos doesn't any longer, now that he has become a conservative, speak out with "the verve that was a benchmark of his early effort"—back in the twenties and early thirties, when he sympathized with socialism and even with Communism. In order, you see, to win acclaim as an artist it is necessary, if your work touches on the social scene, to take those points of view that are fashionable among the Left.

Why has Dos Passos "lost so much of the verve that was a benchmark of his early effort"? The *Commonweal* reviewer will tell you. Once Dos Passos "thundered about the injustice to Sacco and Vanzetti. . . . Now he is merely crotchety about union racketeering." Get that "merely crotchety." If you defend a couple of radical anarchists found guilty of murder, you are a practitioner of great art. If you use the same talents to deplore brutal practices of trade union bosses, you are "merely crotchety." One essay describing a visit to England, Mr. Braine observes with astonished horror, annotating the sadness and drabness of this book by the unauthor, "tries to prove that socialism is a bad thing and that Communism is even worse." ("Twenty-five million Americans [Dos Passos among them] evidently believe that Liberalism and Communism are the same thing," the British novelist mentions, after defining the difference between Dos Passos and himself: "I don't consider polemics to be the novelist's function. His function is, rather, to present the world he knows as it actually is.")

"Some have said," *Commonweal* drones on, "that where Dos Passos used to sound like an aroused social critic, today he has come to sound more and more like a disappointed lover." When you sympathize with the proletariat and draw Marxist conclusions, you are "aroused." When you sympathize with the proletariat and an entire world bleeding from the assaults upon it by organized and unorganized Marxism, you are merely Don Juan, disappointed with his most recent, and coyest mistress, mouthing a jaded complaint.

And, finally, a little tip from *Commonweal* to Dos Passos, for old times' sake: "Has there really been no cause worthy of Dos Passos' passionate advocacy? Those programs which seek to deepen our collective responsibility to less fortunate fellow-men of different color, ethnic composition, etc. might be such a cause. . . . When a cause arises with which Dos Passos can deeply empathize, perhaps we shall see the rebirth of his once formidable talent." He must, then, champion a cause à la mode. He must confine his concern to the cause of racial equality, unilateral disarmament, etc. The word is plain: "Dos [that being what they call him], you're through, until you sit down and bleed against those evils we designate as most worthy, at the moment, of men's passions."

Instead, all Dos has been doing is to devote his attention to the octopus state, and what it does to a free people yearning to express its humanity; to the Soviet Union, and its genius for killing man's spiritual nature and deceiving us into a belief in its idealism; to the reigning hypocrisies that prevent us from seeing; to the union bureaucrats' iron-fisted insistence on conformity; to the recapture of Jefferson's idea of what a free society consists of. . . . But these et ceteras are not enough. ("It is interesting to speculate," muses Mr. Braine, "upon what his reputation would be if he had died after *U.S.A.*, . . . or if, for that matter, he had suffered the pressures of McCarthyism.") If he chose to write about the Heavenly Kingdom, that would not be an inspiring subject, if it has not been listed among the objectives of the New Frontier and the Great Society.

We speak of a man, let us recall, who, out of a generation of literary giants, is considered by many as Numero Uno. And not by men who deduce that he must be a great writer for no other reason than that he voted for Senator Goldwater for President. Among those who believe Dos Passos to be the very greatest literary figure of the American century is (it may surprise you) Jean-Paul Sartre—professional Leftist who rejected last year's Nobel Prize on strictly Marxist grounds, but who is devoted enough to his own art to recognize another man's art, ir-

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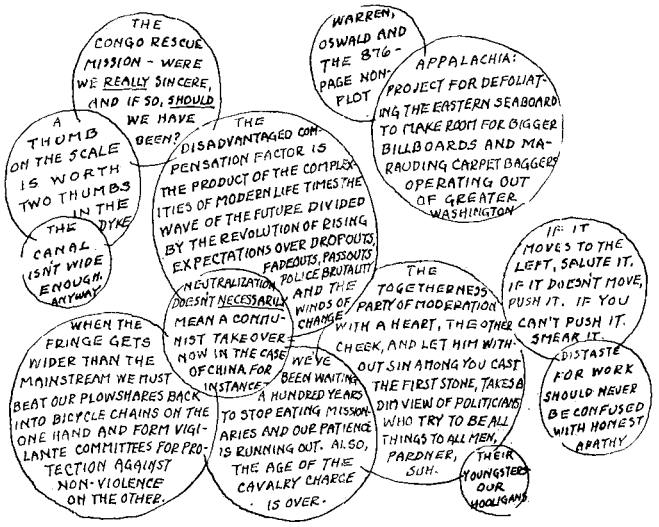
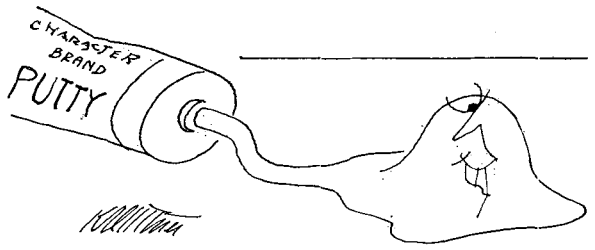

THE CONGO RESCUE MISSION - WERE WE REALLY SINCERE, AND IF SO, SHOULD WE HAVE BEEN?
WARREN, OSWALD AND THE 876-PAGE NON-PLOT
APPALACHIA: PROJECT FOR DEFOLIATING THE EASTERN SEABOARD TO MAKE ROOM FOR BIGGER BILLBOARDS AND MARAUDING CARPET BAGGERS OPERATING OUT OF GREATER WASHINGTON
A THUMB ON THE SCALE IS WORTH TWO THUMBS IN THE DYKE
THE DISADVANTAGED COMPENSATION FACTOR IS THE PRODUCT OF THE COMPLEXITIES OF MODERN LIFE TIMES THE WAVE OF THE FUTURE DIVIDED BY THE REVOLUTION OF RISING EXPECTATIONS OVER DROPOUTS, FADEOUTS, PASSOUTS AND THE POLICE BRUTALITY
THE CANAL ISN'T WIDE ENOUGH, ANYWAY
IF IT MOVES TO THE LEFT, SALUTE IT. IF IT DOESN'T MOVE, PUSH IT. IF YOU CAN'T PUSH IT, SMEAR IT.
NEUTRALIZATION DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN A COMMUNIST TAKEOVER NOW IN THE CASE OF CHINA FOR INSTANCE.
THE TOGETHERNESS PARTY OF MODERATION WITH A HEART, THE OTHER CHEEK, AND LET HIM WITHOUT SIN AMONG YOU CAST THE FIRST STONE, TAKES A DIM VIEW OF POLITICIANS WHO TRY TO BE ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN, PARDNER, SUH.
DISTASTE FOR WORK SHOULD NEVER BE CONFUSED WITH HONEST APATHY
WHEN THE FRINGE GETS WIDER THAN THE MAINSTREAM WE MUST BEAT OUR PLOWSHARES BACK INTO BICYCLE CHAINS ON THE ONE HAND AND FORM VIGILANTE COMMITTEES FOR PROTECTION AGAINST NON-VIOLENCE ON THE OTHER.
WE'VE BEEN WAITING A HUNDRED YEARS TO STOP EATING MISSIONARIES AND OUR PATIENCE IS RUNNING OUT. ALSO, THE AGE OF THE CAVALRY CHARGE IS OVER.
THEIR YOUNGSTERS OUR HOOLIGANS



"You'll never guess who I am, so here are a few hints: I believe everything I read in the newspapers and if it isn't in the newspapers it just didn't happen. I believe this country is in great shape and every one of those trial balloons up there sounds perfectly OK to me. In addition, I have the kind of government I deserve. Give up? Why, I'm the Typical American Voter!"

respective of political bias. From the other end of the political spectrum, Eliseo Vivas, professor emeritus of intellectual history, who taught for years at Northwestern and has from time to time written for NATIONAL REVIEW, reviewing this latest book of John Dos Passos' in the *Chicago Tribune,* expressed the hopelessness of giving, in a review, any "detailed account of the insights, the wisdom, the penetrating observations, and above all the detached irony that is to be found in this rich collection."

But more generally, over on the Right, John Dos Passos is much ignored. Every conservative in America has heard of Senator Goldwater, and toasted his health. How many have read and appreciated a book by John Dos Passos? A very shrewd gentleman-scholar has observed that the trouble with American conservatives is that they do not recover their wounded. He meant that we American conservatives have the habit not only of neglecting our own when they get into trouble but of not sufficiently appreciating our luminaries. The great spirits of the conservative movement—the truly great ones: those who deal in philosophy, literature and art—are widely unknown, greatly uncelebrated. So much easier to incant against Earl Warren than to read an ennobling book of essays! Small wonder the intellectuals gravitate toward the Left!

Those Medical Plans

Suddenly everyone has a Plan. The two main ones, though, come from the ateliers of Lyndon Johnson and the American Medical Association. Their similarities are few but striking—most notably, each plan is concerned only with people 65 years of age or older, and each embraces the principle of governmental "insurance" or administration.

Johnson would finance his plan through Social Security taxes, the AMA through private resources augmented, when necessary, by local (state) funds (which in turn are swelled by federal funds). The Federal Government would administer Johnson's plan; state governments and existing private insurance organizations, the AMA's. Johnson's plan has to do with hospital bills and home nursing; the AMA's, all that plus medical, surgical, and drug expenses. Johnson would make identical benefits available to rich old people and poor old people alike; the AMA contemplates governmental assistance only in cases of need, as determined by the several states. (South Daktota, pop. 681,000, has identified 349 cases of need.)

Does anyone really care to know that the population group over 65 years of age is one of the wealthiest in the country? That private medical insurance plans for older people have grown enormously in the few years since they were introduced, and might within a few more years cover all but the impossibly decrepit or indigent? There are, to be sure, some 19 million Americans who are 65 or older, but it is clearly wrong to assume that they *all* need help. That every one of them is broke, uninsured, churchless, single, idle, friendless, childless, and without access to a doctor or a hospital who might "forget" to submit a bill for services rendered—such "forgettings" run into huge sums, as everyone may know.

But, even if it is granted, *arguendo,* that there is a need for governmental assistance of this order, where is the careful argument for starting on an experimental scale? The record of such programs in other countries—yes, even in West Germany—would suggest that things tend to get out of hand. It would be prudent, if we are to go in this direction, to use some laboratory test that would be constructed on a more modest scale than 19 million subjects, in 50 states, for X billion dollars handled by Y hundred thousand bureaucrats. Let the Fed-

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eral Government make everyone who is 65 years old and a citizen of Rhode Island, say, medically happy. *Then* we'll think of going national.

Bobby Tests the Water

New York's constitution requires the state Senate to elect a Temporary President, whose duties are minor, but whose political power is enormous in terms of committee assignments and patronage. This year, for the first time since Peter Minuit's day it seems, Albany has a Democratic majority. But the extra seats came mainly in upstate areas, not from Mayor Wagner's solid Sarums, and those upstate seats are none too certain, because everyone has to go back to the polls this November, according to Earl Warren's decree, to get himself reapportionately re-elected. So who rules? No one. The Senate can't agree on the Temporary President. The upstate crowd don't dare truck with Wagner, lest November be taps, and, besides, they think they see Senator Bobby's star rising; and Wagner, sure of his local position, can immobilize the state party by doing nothing.

The new U.S. senator was keeping his distance ("my responsibilities are national"), but his big booster, Justin Feldman, went to Albany, quietly nosing out the chances for counsel to the Democratic majority, and Bobby's early supporters always turn up leading the fight against each successive Wagner-backed candidate. As the roof falls in, Bobby will appear as peacemaker, and expand his power base. Governor Rockefeller *could* solve the Democrats' problems by telling enough Republicans to stay away to allow the Democratic senators to enjoy 1) a quorum and 2) a chance to reach a majority decision, but Rocky might want more in return than the Democrats could offer. Summed up: Wagner has the ball and it's time out; Bobby Kennedy is in motion along the sidelines; Rockefeller is camouflaging the goal posts. Wise money isn't betting on anything.

A Day at the Academy

A poetry reading program before a mixed audience of several hundred at Columbia University began with Allen Ginsberg (*Howl, Kaddish*) "sitting on a yellow prayer mat, removing his shoes, and singing 'Hari Krishna'—a song brought back from India. . . . Ginsberg sang: 'Peter Orlovsky will you come out and help me sing to these poor people? Are you in the bathroom?' A man with shoulder-length blond hair and a drooping pocketbook (Orlovsky) appeared briefly and surveyed the audience. Ginsberg read from 'The Change' . . . a poem that cannot be completely understood at first hearing, but which is nevertheless very moving and pornographic, in that it produces strong physical sensations of nausea, heat & desire. Ginsberg's subject is primarily his own body, and its contact with other bodies, and as he read 'The Change' he pointed to that section himself which he happened to be discussing at the time. Peter Orlovsky, who read later, began by taking off all his clothes except for a black pair of bikini underpants. . . . Orlovsky read from a poem published in a New York literary magazine. The poem is built up, extremely cleverly, on love notes typed on a bedside typewriter between Orlovsky and Allen Ginsberg."

This description and evaluation we quote verbatim from the *Columbia Spectator*. As for Hairy Krishna and his Breeched Blond, let the record show that the turn was a benefit for the Columbia Chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality and the Independent Action Committee for Social Progress on the Lower East Side — which latter organization has been formed to protest that Manhattan's ill-famed youth agency Mobilization for Youth (see *NR*, Sept 8, Dec. 1, 1964) is not—*not*—NOT—Communist-infiltrated.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

CHINA'S YEAR IN AFRICA
by Elspeth Huxley

NEGROES, INTELLIGENCE & PREJUDICE, II
by Ernest van den Haag & Critics

Lorraine Hansberry, RIP

Lorraine Hansberry, who died last week of cancer at the age of 34, encapsulated in the eight years of her career as a playwright the tragedy of the Negro writer in our time. Her first play, *A Raisin in the Sun*, was awkward, winning and impressive. But by the time of *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window*, which was running when its author died, the talent had boiled away in the heat of a misguided devotion to the Cause. Like many of her colleagues, Miss Hansberry adopted for her own the so-fashionable attitudes of the hard Left. In her last years she wasted time spitting angry clichés at pacifist meetings and race rallies. It may be said that this great selflessness, of which good writers can so often convince themselves as well as others, is the true thief of the gift that commercial self-seekers couldn't give away if they tried. Miss Hansberry's friends supported her last, dead play; no one could have long supported a dead talent.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

New Faces of '65

► For all the distracting shenanigans, the opening of the 89th Congress produced a few genuine surprises. By far the greatest of these was the selection by House Republicans of a constructive, superbly coordinated leadership team. Not the least significant was the revelation that the Liberal Wednesday Club is not yet ready to assume a powerful voice in party affairs.

For reasons largely non-ideological, Gerry Ford was elected Minority Leader, deposing 64-year-old Charlie Halleck. The press galleries and the columns made much of the fact that Ford presented a more attractive image of Republicanism than Halleck. But the Ford movement was in a sense genuinely reformist. Over the past six years, Halleck's leadership of the opposition had hardened to unthinking recalcitrance. He opposed for the sake of opposition and rarely promoted mitigating amendments to Democratic legislation. He was, at times, more receptive to suggestions from across the aisle than from his own backbenches. Ford, meanwhile, did his homework assiduously, especially in Defense Appropriations, and solidified his personal and working relationships with the group of aggressive GOP congressmen known as the Young Turks: Charles Goodell (N.Y.), Glen Lipscomb (Calif.), Robert Griffin (Mich.), and Mel Laird (Wisc.). After the GOP disaster in November, when some change seemed inevitable, Ford, always cautious, was ready to make his move. His candidacy was galvanized by the exuberant public relations of the Republican Left.

Newer Still

► Ford's election promised new status within the party to the Young Turks. Of greater practical importance in the long run, however, may by the selection of Mel Laird as chairman of the House Republican Conference, a key factor in the development and promotion of GOP policies and programs. Laird's campaign for the post was executed with almost unbelievable finesse. First, he privately encouraged Ford to make the race against Halleck. Ford was the incumbent chairman of the Conference. When Ford accepted, Laird had a clear shot at the chairmanship. Then, Laird assured Halleck that he could live with almost anybody as floor leader, which riveted the attention of the Halleck forces on the big job, and squeezed off a latent anti-Laird move from the Right. Laird then went to Florida and waited while the Ford and Halleck forces grappled with each other. About a week before the caucus, Laird quietly announced his candidacy.

Wednesday Doomsday

► Back in Washington, the Republican Left, seeking to capitalize on the rejection of conservatives at the polls, were launching candidacies right and left. Robert Stafford (Vt.), and then Paul Fino, the dean of the New York delegation, were catapulted into the leadership struggle by the Wednesday Club, and as soon shot down by divisions within their own ranks. The news from Florida sent them into a frenzy, for Laird has been anathema to GOP Liberals since he presided over the Platform Committee at the GOP convention in San Francisco. The Wednesdayers scurried around the Hill in search of a warm body to run for Conference chairman, but their urgency only confirmed some wavering votes in support of Laird, for the Wednesday Club is still considered little more than an undergraduate debating society in traditional quarters. The Wednesdayers finally found a man and got him into the race the day before the caucus: Peter Frelinghuysen (N.J.). Too late.

The frenetic activities of the Wednesday Club in the last days of the leadership struggle reveal their essential weaknesses: they have little discipline over their own members and less influence among their colleagues in the party at large. Geographically, their base is in New York, with Lindsay, Fino and Ogden Reid (of Westchester). But when the word went out that Halleck would prove more tractable as Minority Leader than Ford, the Wednesdayers were able to rally only three Halleck votes from New York. Charlie Goodell bagged the other eleven for Ford. Tactically, on matters of policy and party affairs, their unity is increasingly precarious. In the first place, two of their most influential members, Lindsay and Brad Morse (Mass.), see a White House in their future. Neither man is the type to retire gracefully before the other's ambitions. And in the second place, as members of a minority faction of a minority party, they will have to perform acts of considerable news value to attract press attention.

All Clear

► It may be the beginning of a pattern. The Wednesdayers staked all their reserves, political and emotional, on a premature bid for party control. Utterly defeated, they may become less introspective, displaying their independence in flagrant denials of party discipline, rather than in the quiet study projects of earlier days. One fringe member of the group wistfully remarked, "Time was when John [Lindsay] could stay out of the headlines for a day or two."

If the Wednesdayers have been isolated, however, the right-centrist coalition has been gaining strength day by day. Charlie Halleck emerged from the caucus with a weary smile creasing his florid face and nothing but nice words for Gerry Ford. There have been petty squabbles about the speed with which Ford attached the perquisites of the office—the chauffeured limousine and the large office off the House floor—but there remain none of the scars which marked the Halleck-Martin battle six years ago. Gerry Ford is not a vindictive man; he is a party man. And so is Halleck. **CATO**

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ON THE RIGHT

The State of LBJ

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Was it my imagination, or was the Congress that listened to the President deliver his State of the Union message unusually sycophantic? I mean, the business of interrupting every *single* phrase with a burst of applause — whose timbre was that of the schoolboy laughter after every *single* joke of the headmaster. The President said a few, not many, inspiriting things (the people will make the country great, not the government), one or two moving things (how the area he came from had been transferred from caliche — his word, friends; don't blame this one on me—country into luxuriant farms and pastures), a great many things meaningless (he wants an immigration law "based on the work a man can do," whatever that means), and mischievous (he wants to repeal the authority of the individual states to legislate right-to-work laws).

Buckley

The program, by and large, is a medley of evasion (he wants to stop Communism by appearing on Russian TV—he would be more likely to stop whatever is left of the Resistance Movement); dogged welfarism (medicare, higher minimum wages, etc.); and governmental culture-climbing (he wants to landscape our cities). There were no particular surprises, as I say: one might have predicted just about everything he said, save possibly the news of the flowering of the banks of the Pedernales. Which is why it may make sense to meditate for the moment less on the State of the Union, as transcribed by Mr. Johnson, than on the style of the man who delivered the message, and of the Congress that listened to it.

A little thing perhaps. But have you noticed how people, as they become important, have difficulty deciding which of the personal pronouns is most appropriate to their use? You and I, referring to ourselves and our endeavors, say "I": as in, "I will do what I can to help the Red Cross." The minute one goes public, the temptation is to graduate to the Royal We, as it is traditionally called. Now the use of "we" for "I" is not necessarily a vanity: sometimes the "we" is used by bashful folk who fear that otherwise they will give the impression that they are taking personal credit where credit is in fact owing to their entire entourage. Thus a senator who may be the soul of self-deprecation may say, "We are going to do everything we can to help the Red Cross," by which he means he, his administrative assistants, his uncles and aunts, friends and votaries, will jointly do what they can for the Red Cross. Where you need to watch it is when you find the politician so given to thinking of himself as a collectivity that he will write in his diary, "At 8 A.M., we got up and took a shower." When that happens, he has elided from modesty to the royal usage, and has got to thinking of himself as augustly elevated from mere singularity to the class of Queen Victoria ("We are not amused," she snapped to the gentleman who told the off-color joke), or the Pope ("We bestow our blessings," etc.).

But there is a point of self-absorption that goes even beyond the "we." It is, of course, the return, under exalted auspices, to the old-time "I." One can become so taken by one's own importance, that what matters now is to stress precisely the singularity, rather than the collectivity. President Johnson arrived at this point the other night. "Wherever waste is found, *I* will eliminate it," he proclaimed. In fact, he cannot mean that *he* will eliminate it, unless he means he will buzz about Washington offices personally retrieving usable paper clips from bureaucratic wastebaskets. He means: "we"—the members of the Johnson Administration, their subordinates, and their subordinates' subordinates, will eliminate the waste. The Administration made progress against waste last year, he said—but "*I* intend to do better this year."

Followed quickly, these sentences were, by the pitch about How Lonely, and How Weighty is the job of the Presidency. I do believe there is no sentient American in any corner of the globe who does not know how weighty the office is. But there are those who do and those who don't, talk about how much power they exercise as president of General Motors, how much influence they exert as president of Harvard University, how much patience they show as husband to Mary Zilch. It is a question of taste. And taste is more than knowing whether orange will clash with pink in the drawing room décor. It has to do with the accommodation to the sensibility of his fellow men, and an idea of his part, under the aspect of the heavens, in the order of reality. When that balance becomes disturbed, one fears that the patient's self-involvement obscures reality: and this is bad enough where John Zilch is concerned, but very bad indeed where the man is concerned whose responsibilities to all of mankind are so weighty. The best corrective for incipient megalomania is of course an iconoclastic peer. But Congress sat there and applauded everything he said. Just because he said it.

We are disturbed.

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Ten Days That Shook the Exchequer

How Britain's new masters managed in the shortest of short orders to undermine everyone's confidence in the pound and in English savoir-faire

COLM BROGAN

"Well, with a majority of only five, these chaps can't really do very much harm." In the earliest days of the Labor government these comforting words were heard all over Britain in clubs and saloon bars and other haunts of vice and privilege where Tories congregate.

And it must be said that the first impression made by the Ministers was quite favorable. They were lavishly photographed striding purposefully along with the air of statesmen in full command of events. In the Commons they belied expectations by putting on an excellent display both of competence and confidence. Nor was the human touch lacking. We read about Mrs. Wilson deciding to do her own cooking in Downing St., of the modest twenty-first birthday party of Giles Wilson and also about the Prime Minister polishing his own shoes. All good homey stuff. There were some Tories who began to think that the chaps might even do a little good.

Then the roof fell in.

The Crisis

The full history of The Days That Shook 10 Downing Street will not be told for many a year, but enough is known to make it clear that the high, stark drama of the crisis contained all the classic elements of Greek farce. It began with James Callaghan, the purposeful Chancellor of the Exchequer. No sooner did he attain access to the Treasury books than he began to let the whole world know that the Tories had left the country on the brink of ruin and hanging half over.

This did not greatly recommend British credit to foreign investors. These sophists and calculators reckoned that if things were really as bad as Callaghan said then devaluation was on the way and it might be as well to pull their money out of London while it still bounced on the counter. In fact they thought that Callaghan was grossly exaggerating and they had a very dim confidence in a government whose Chancellor was willing to sell his country short for the sake of party advantage. However, they waited to see what the Chancellor would do to grapple with the crisis he had stamped up out of the ground.

When James Callaghan produced his Autumn Budget, they decided that he would do nothing. This greatly surprised Callaghan who seems to have thought that his Budget was a nicely calculated balance of sops and reassurance. That was not how it appeared in Zurich, Amsterdam and Tokyo or even within the all-too friendly walls of the Federal Reserve Bank. At home the worst impression was made by a relatively trivial decision. In 1931 the second Ramsay MacDonald Administration was told by the Bank of England that the Bank would be unable to meet the bill for unemployment benefits for more than another fortnight. That was the end of the Administration, and the National Government which followed made deep and painful cuts in the public expenditure, including a cut in the already meager rate of unemployment benefits. But Parliament was the first to tread the road of sacrifice. The salaries of MPs were cut by 10 per cent and those of Ministers by twenty. At the beginning of the crisis which Callaghan discovered to his well advertised horror, the salaries of MPs were *increased* by 70 per cent and the Ministers had an increase of thousands a year. These increases were back-dated to the day of the General Election while the increase for old age pensioners was postponed to the end of next March.

But this was not the item that shook the confidence of foreign investors and financiers. They may not have been edified but they were by no means surprised to find out that the boys had promptly helped themselves to a second helping of gravy. Still they judged that the total effect of the budget would be to make the economic situation rather worse. Both the matter and the manner of the 15 per cent surcharge on imports struck a bad blow at international confidence. We had been incessantly told that our exports were lagging because our lazy and selfish manufacturers turned their backs on the hard-sell foreign markets and went for easy pickings in the protected home market. Imposing a whacking increase in the protection that the home market already enjoyed hardly seemed the best way to induce the manufacturers to go out into the cold.

But the manner was even worse. Hitler never tore up an international agreement more brusquely than the new dynamic men in the Labor government. They were bound by treaty obligations to our partners in the European Free Trade Area (EFTA), but they broke the treaty without warning. There was no prior consultation, no request for a temporary waiver. Yet, Callaghan could say cheerfully that he didn't think anybody would want to be spiteful about it. He was never so wrong in his life and that is a statement of majestic dimensions.

An academic friend of mine is as much at home in Sweden as he is in

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England. Just after the Budget he went over to Sweden to renew acquaintance with his old Swedish friends, only to discover that he had no Swedish friends left. He was furiously assailed from all quarters and found himself wearing a penitent's robe as a stand-in for the dynamic Wilson and the purposeful

Harold Wilson: apple polisher

Callaghan. The fury of our EFTA partners was doubled when they discovered that Washington and Washington alone had been given three days advance notice of the charge. In a well meant endeavor to soothe the savage beast, George Brown publicly described the international bankers as "the gnomes of Zurich." The endeavor if well meant was certainly not well conceived. The phrase appealed strongly to the zenophobia and anti-capitalism of the Lumpen Laborites, but it was not calculated to win friends and instill confidence among the men who had money to lend—or to withhold.

Striking the same note of manly British independence, James Callaghan said that nobody was going to push us around. In fact, he was being pushed around by so many and such unfriendly hands that he should have been in a bath chair for the sake of his own personal comfort. He had been told that the import charge must be taken off soon—or else. His truculence was unpalatable and money poured out of London.

Having broadly indicated their hostility to the gnomes of the City as well as the foreigners, the Socialist Ministers might well feel that they had responded to the deepest instincts of their traditional supporters. Unfortunately, they made no appeal whatever to the gnomes, whether indigenous or foreign. What were these dynamic and purposeful Socialists going to do for money if the deposits in London were withdrawn? The answer was decisive, dramatic and, of course, dynamic. We discovered one Monday that the Bank Rate had been raised from 5 to 7 per cent. Money poured out of London faster than ever.

There were two reasons for this increased lack of confidence. The first is that, by tradition, the Bank Rate is announced on Thursday, and the second is that there is no sharp rise unless the pound is in peril. I can think of only one occasion in this century when the Bank Rate was raised on Monday and that was a hurricane signal.

The combination of wrong day, much like playing the Cup Final on a Sunday, and a 2 per cent increase looked to the outside observers as a double indication of panic.

If desperate measures were not enough for a desperate situation it was inevitable that still more desperate measures should be taken to deal with a still more desperate situation. Hence the huge operation undertaken by Lord Cromer, Governor of the Bank of England, to raise the financial wind to the tune of three billion dollars. The *Economist* unkindly described Harold Wilson as Lord Cromer's poodle. It has been said that a Bank Rate rise to 6 per cent announced on the previous Thursday would have done something to restore confidence. The emergency measures did nothing more than increase the wary suspiciousness of the gnomes. It has now become clear that a Thursday Bank Rate was not agreed on because it had not been cleared with Washington. Whose poodle is Mr. Wilson? Lord Cromer's or President Johnson's?

As the Lumpen Laborite's grasp of credit and finance is strictly limited to buying a washing machine on the installment plan, they were unconcerned. But Harold Wilson, though he may not know much, still knows better than that. He has said that a country which is in pawn cannot possibly have an independent foreign or defense policy. He is now discovering that a country in pawn cannot have an independent domestic policy either. Harold Wilson, James Callaghan, and Douglas Jay are all academic economists. It would have been better for themselves if they had spent some years acting as assistant bank managers. They are in pawn and they don't know how to get out.

All their domestic policies will be subject to the security and the veto of those who have us in pawn. That is what is already happening, in spite of brave platform gestures. Harold Wilson has only one escape left, and that is in Washington where he may find a patron, if not a friend.

Harold Wilson had better take time off from polishing his own shoes. He will have a full-time job polishing apples for Lyndon Johnson.

Let's Be Indiscreet

Discretion is a virtue when
It's YOU who has the last Amen.
Thus, Metternich's discretion drew
Napoleon to Waterloo.
However, if we're too discreet
There's always danger of defeat,
Like Louis, counting up to ten:
They got him when he reached Varennes.
Likewise (more recently) the Danes
Got Adolf Hitler for their pains.
Is there a lesson for today
With "prudent" LBJ? Oy vey,
On tippy toes and stocking feet
We're marching in our winding sheet!

W. H. VON DREELE

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Letter from Vietnam

A Week With Squadron 365

ANTHONY HARRIGAN

DA NANG, South Vietnam — Here at the mouth of the Ca De Song River, about 80 miles from North Vietnam, war is an ever-present reality and the rumor mills and correspondents' talk of Saigon is far away. For almost a week, I have been flying with Marine Helicopter Squadron 365, which bears a heavy burden of strike and supply missions in the I Corps Area in northern Vietnam.

Da Nang is little known by the U.S. public. But if the North Vietnamese or Chicoms should decide to move south, they would have to cross the strategic Hai Van Pass slightly to the north of Da Nang. National Highway No. 1, the only good road south, passes a short distance to the west of this French colonial town with its charming pastel-tinted houses. In the event of such a move, the Third Marine Division, part of which remains on shipboard in the South China Sea at all times, in all likelihood would come ashore at or near Da Nang to halt the Communist attackers and turn them back. The Third Division, which I recently visited in Okinawa, is a finely honed instrument of U. S. power in the Far East.

For the time being, however, the only Marines in South Vietnam are Squadron 365, certain advisers in the field and the Marine airbase defense group. It is highly unlikely that the trained infantrymen on guard here would allow a repetition of the sneak attack on the airfield near Saigon.

The only way fully to understand this war in South Vietnam is to view the countryside, where the battles are fought, and the mountain outposts where U. S. advisers, both Army and Marine—plus our Australian allies—take a lonely stand against the VC, and make patrols to cut down the effectiveness of the Ho Chi Minh trail to the south.

Americans should rid themselves of the notion that atomic weapons or any other exotic devices will secure victory in South Vietnam. This is a tough ground war in the villages and mountains, assisted and supported by the helicopter sky cavalry. It is going to be won—and most people here are convinced it will be, if Washington and the U. S. public remain firm —by more U. S. advisers, more training of Arvin (South Vietnamese) units, by the gradual strengthening of the Arvin officer corps, and by superior tactics.

The helicopter is our most important tool in combat. It is the only means of getting reinforcements to mountain outposts. The country near the Laotian border, for example, is so densely covered by jungle growth that a unit would be lucky in many areas to cut 100 yards in a day. But the use of helicopters involves great skill and bravery. "I believe," Maj. "Gus" Gustafson, executive officer of Squadron 365 told me, "that we are shot at every time we take off." To land Arvin troops, unload 105 mm. shells, or pick up wounded has to be carried out with the closest timing. One helicopter touches down on a red clay landing zone, while another, with gunners manning machineguns at the hatches, flies plane guard overhead. In the mountains, the outposts often are ringed by ridges where the VC are in strength. When I flew with the squadron, the helos would make tight, corkscrew descents at high speeds.

In a strike operation such as I participated in at Hue, to the north of Da Nang, Army "Huey" helicopters flew low over the deck—at about 500 feet—to attract VC fire. Then the Marine helicopters moved in a company of Arvin soldiers to press the VC against a nearby river. Sometimes the "Hueys" will fire rockets to flush the VC from their holes.

In the U.S., one often hears talk that the Arvin won't fight. But I have seen the South Vietnamese jump off helos at lonely, dangerous outposts. U.S. advisers, who stay with them at remote posts deep in VC territory, are loud in praise of the Arvin, especially the Rangers with their red identifying scarves. This isn't World War II, in which one could call on the tanks if trouble developed. An outpost may have two U.S. advisers, 200 Arvin soldiers, two 105s and some barbed wire and trenches. The need, of course, is to increase the aggressiveness of the Arvin; but this is a unit by unit proposition and involves careful training and good leadership.

The fact is, however, that the Vietcong are taking terrible blows. "They are living like dogs," one Army adviser pointed out. "They have only such food as they steal. They are on the run. And they have no hope of living if they are wounded." In short, U.S. and Arvin pressure is paying off. But the pressure will have to be kept up for a long, long time. The villagers will have to be confident that the U.S. won't pull out and leave them to the terrors of the VC. The VC line is that the U.S. will go away in time and that Communism will triumph. It is not powerful new weapons that we need in South Vietnam but staying power. A revolutionary war such as the VC are waging cannot be countered on any limited timetable. You can't say that this war will be won in six months or a year or two years. Americans had just as well get used to the idea of fighting out here for a decade or more. The cost in treasure and lives is well worth it, for by fighting in South Vietnam we not only keep the South Vietnamese out of Chinese hands but we prevent the Chicoms from grabbing the ricebowl of Asia. If the Chicoms gained this rich, rice-growing territory, their food problems would be at an end.

What our soldiers are learning in South Vietnam is immensely valuable. They are gaining the skills necessary to overcome Red China's chosen form of warfare in the countryside. By mastering new forms of combat aviation, plus the adviser system, the U.S. is developing effective military means of counter-revolution. The fliers and the advisers are not simply working out new combat techniques; they are altering the process of history in Asia.

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The Third World War

The New Isolationism

JAMES BURNHAM

"Into this vacuum of power [in Asia and Africa] we have allowed ourselves to be sucked. . . . We have become grossly overextended in regions where we have no primary vital interest. . . . We have not had sufficient time, money or energy left to take care of our true vital interests nearer home. . . . Our security and well-being are not involved in Southeast Asia or in Korea. . . .

"If it is said that this is isolationism, I would say yes. It is isolationism if the study of our own vital interests and a realization of the limitations of our own power is isolationism. It is isolationism as compared with the globalism which became fashionable after the Second World War."

Is this William E. Borah or Hiram W. Johnson risen from the grave to re-sound the trumpet of the senatorial "Battalion of Death" that pulled us back from the jaws of Woodrow Wilson's wicked League and fought to keep the boys home from those foreign wars plotted by Morgan and Co., Kuhn, Loeb and the Rothschilds? Not this time, friends, for now we have heard everything; the rhetorical wheel has turned full circle. The words are the words of Borah-Johnson, but the voice is the voice of the acme and mirror of Wilsonism, the prince of Internationalism, our own and the Western world's foremost public commentator, none other than Walter Lippmann greeting 1965. When Walter Lippmann turns isolationist, yea even to glory in it, and casts out with no more than a passing sneer "the globalism which became fashionable after the Second World War," then, verily, is the age of miracles come again upon us! Lippmann, if he had filed a claim, would have been issued a patent on "globalism."

Lippmann is not alone in proclaiming the new revelation—he has seldom been alone, in any position he has taken, but has, rather, proved himself a master of the art of encasing the prevailing wind in pompous phrases. In an article in *Ramparts* a few days after this isolation column appeared, Senator Frank Church paralleled its message. An Associated Press survey of senatorial opinion showed only seven senators in favor of fighting the Vietnam war strongly enough to win it. Several wanted immediate withdrawal; the others, "negotiated" withdrawal "when the military situation [by some unspecified divine intervention, apparently] improves."

From Left to Right

Similar isolationism, especially in relation to Southeast Asia, has appeared in a variety of dissimilar sectors. Fellow-traveling circles began arguing in 1962 that we had no business in far-off places. My *NR* colleague, Frank Meyer, proceeding from other premises, has suggested that our foreign policy may, and perhaps should, evolve, or devolve, into the favorite isolationist concept of Fortress America. Less sophisticated right-wing anti-globalists have never lost their isolationist nostalgia.

Isolationism has customarily been listed as a rightist and conservative phenomenon. Actually, it has often cut across the Right-Left division. Both Borah and Hiram Johnson were populists and progressives. The elder Henry Cabot Lodge, their chief ally in the fight against the League, was in general conservative. Conservatives, Liberals, pro-Nazis and pro-Communists supported the isolationist America First Committee.

Isolationism was born a ghost without ever having lived in the flesh. In the nineteenth century the isolationism of much of U.S. foreign policy arose so naturally out of historical circumstance that no need was felt to state a corresponding doctrine. The doctrine appeared only when actual isolation had become forever impossible for this country. Thus the doctrine, taken at face value, has from the beginning been empty.

Fifty years ago, as today, many Americans have felt the mood expressed in June 1919 by General Tasker H. Bliss, U.S. military delegate at Versailles: "What a wretched mess it all is! If the rest of the world will let us alone, I think we had better stay on our own side of the water and keep alive the spark of civilization to relight the torch after it is extinguished over here. If I ever had any illusions, they are all dispelled." The naiveté of his wish betrayed at least one illusion still undispelled.

What Isolation Means

The existential meaning, the political meaning, of an isolationist trend can be understood only in terms of the specific conditions. Max Ascoli once defined an isolationist as a man interested in some other continent than the one currently under discussion. The earlier isolationism, as Samuel Lubell has shown, enlisted Americans of Germanic origin and others (Irish, for example) with anti-British sentiments. They were against involvement in the wars of Europe because that involvement was fated to be on the side of Britain and against Germany. They were joined by those (in the Far West, mostly) who saw the nation's destiny in the Pacific and others who were primarily interested in Latin America. From 1939-41, while the Nazi-Soviet Pact held, Communists and fellow travelers lined up naturally with the contemporary isolationist currents.

Today's isolationism, with Lippmann its latest recruit, means geopolitically: withdraw from Asia and Africa, and stake your hopes on coexistence and convergence with the Soviet Union; on, to borrow a phrase, Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals.

Withdrawal may be inevitable—not merely from Asia and Africa but all the way into Fortress America. But if this must be, let us not fool ourselves about its significance, but recognize, as Frank Meyer has done in his reflections on the problem, that withdrawal to Fortress America or even Fortress Atlantica could not be a free and desirable choice. It would be the final desperate stand forced by the continuing series of global defeats, retreats and disasters.

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The UN's Idiot Policy in the Congo

Just as Eleanor Roosevelt had a certain fascination for Westbrook Pegler, so has State Department policy in the Congo for Mr. van den Haag. Read all about it, and weep

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

I had sworn not to discuss the Congo again, but under extreme provocation I'll now have to break my oath. Numerous articles have appeared proposing that American policy in the Congo should be, and probably already is, to press Tshombe into 1) "broadening" his government to include some rebel leaders, 2) establishing a "truce" with the rebels, 3) negotiating with other African states so as to make his government acceptable to them, 4) disbanding the "mercenaries" and replacing them with "African troops." A United Nations Security Council resolution along these lines has just been passed. The official line regards it as a "victory" for us, because the United States was not explicitly insulted for saving some people, held as hostages, from death.

These proposals are unbelievably stupid. It seems certain, therefore, that they embody State Department policy. This conclusion is supported by our conduct in the United Nations (defensive, as usual) and by the unanimity with which these proposals are supported in American newspapers and magazines. Moreover, the stupidity is of a kind that fits well with our previous Congo policies. Let me consider the policy proposals one after the other.

Behind the Rebellions

1) Tshombe should invite some rebel leaders to join his government. It is remarkable that the proponents of this idiocy have not proposed that Mr. Johnson invite Governor Barnett to join his cabinet. "Ah," I'm told, "there's a difference." Indeed. He has not been eating people lately. Are we to infer that, if a rebellion takes place, the rebel leaders are to be rewarded by entering the government—but only if they have been as barbarous as the Congolese rebels have been? The State Department did not propose to the then-premier Adoula that Tshombe join his cabinet when Tshombe ruled Katanga—but then, he didn't eat anyone. He didn't even kill missionaries; this must have disqualified him in State Department eyes.

At any rate, inclusion of rebels in the cabinet would only encourage further rebellions, for, the experts to the contrary, the rebellion has nothing to do with Tshombe or his cabinet and will not be changed by any policy change—not even surrender. The rebellion started under Adoula, who was the darling of the United Nations, and is a socialist; it arose because many Congolese are under the impression that independence ought to mean that they, the Congolese, will be immediately as well off as the white colonizers were. No Congolese Government can fulfill this dream. The Congolese therefore feel cheated. There will be rebellions based on this fantasy until the deceived followers of Gbenye have been disabused. Meanwhile the Communists, Ghanaians, Algerians, etc., tell the Congolese that they would fulfill this dream—and the Congolese want to believe them and do not have enough experience not to.

The situation is well illustrated by a joke that I was told in Léopoldville. When the Tunisian United Nations contingent arrived, a Congolese met them and inquired, "When did you become independent?" "Four years ago," the Tunisian replied. The Congolese slapped his knees and exclaimed, "Four years and already white!"

That, I submit, is the situation, and broadening the cabinet won't change it. There is no way of giving Africans the benefits of white civilization (let alone the fantasy benefits) without its restraints, efforts and sacrifices. And it cannot be a gift; it must be worked for.

At any rate, no single leader, or group of leaders, has enough control over present or future rebels to stem present or future rebellions, whether he joins the cabinet or not. Nor will it help to include the previous premier, Adoula, who was replaced by President Kasavubu because he couldn't deal with the rebellion without "mercenaries" and with conciliation and the Congolese army. (I think it quite irrelevant, but since some people are suddenly worried about the legality of Tshombe's government, it may be mentioned that he is premier as legally as Adoula and Lumumba were, more so than Nkrumah or Ben Bella — but, of course, the "legal" reasoning is absurd in the circumstances.)

2) The cease-fire idea is altogether idiotic. Oddly, the State Department did not propose this one about Katanga either. Could it be because the Katanga government maintained order—unlike Gbenye? Above all, the only way to enforce a rebel promise to cease firing would be to conquer them; in which case there would be no need for the promise. Rebel leaders have no ability to enforce any promise they may be induced to make. Incidentally, an effective cease-fire would mean that either we help the rebels to run their territory—or let the Communists help them. In either case the rebel territory would become a source of contention far greater than Katanga was—and the leaders would not unite it voluntarily with the rest of the Congo.

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3) The only reason I can see for dispensing with the "mercenaries" is that they have been effective. They are also considerably cheaper than the United Nations non-mercenaries were. Thus they may be accused of unfair competition, and, no doubt, of violating some union rule or other. Finally, they have not committed atrocities and have moderated some Congolese ones coming from either side. The United Nations non-mercenaries avoided such interference—they expressed regrets when thirteen Italian airmen were eaten in Stanleyville but did nothing else, except double their efforts against Katanga. The theory was that if leftists in Stanleyville eat United Nations airmen, it is because they are resentful of Tshombe in Katanga, and that their appetite could be reduced best by fighting Katanga. In Katanga the Ethiopian non-mercenaries killed whites themselves—which may be another reason for the United Nations' understanding and generous tolerance of the Stanleyville festivities. (The word "mercenaries" is applied now to soldiers individually hired as distinguished from military units rented out by their governments. These are African or United Nations "troops." Experience indicates very clearly that the mercenaries are effective, the "troops" are not. Moreover, the "troops" can be and have been used for political intrigues by their home government. The "mercenaries" act purely as agents of the Congolese government.)

Help Our Friends?

4) It does not seem to have occurred to those who feel that Tshombe should be pressed into negotiating with Ben Bella, Nkrumah, *et al.*, that the leftist African dictatorships don't like a strong non-Communist Congo, wherefore they explain to us that we ought to get Tshombe to have a more leftist policy and cabinet, and to give the rebels some Congo territory, and to get rid of his army. (Without the "mercenaries" there is no Congolese army, as I said some years ago. Experience has borne me out.) In short, the fact that Tshombe is neither pro-Communist nor racist, as those with whom he is so unpopular are, is becoming a disadvantage with the State Department, which wishes to weaken or get rid of the only Congolese of stature who might introduce orderly administration.

My faith in human stupidity is almost infinite, though here it is strained. Else I would have to join the John Birch Society, for conspiracy would be the only other explanation for our policy. But my faith in the stupidity coagulating in the Congolese section of the State Department is as unshakable as are, it seems, Soapy Williams and Harlan Cleveland. As long as they are there my faith will not be disappointed. It never has been so far. Thus I cannot reasonably expect that our State Department will divert aid hitherto given—for reasons that defy reason—to Ben Bella, Nasser, Nkrumah, *et al.*, to our friends, such as Tshombe. (So far, about two billion dollars.) I can just hear it: "Help our friends rather than our enemies? Why, Sir, you will never understand American foreign policy." Indeed I won't.

Letter from South America

First Impressions

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Caracas: Does Latin America look different after four years' absence? Well, yes and no. The basic problems remain, but there are new lights and new shadows, the lights perhaps now more in evidence, the shadows not necessarily deepening. "Castroism" as a concrete force seems on the wane. Building is booming in Bogotá, where economic conditions are not so bright, whereas construction is not often seen in Lima, though Peru is rather prosperous.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

Venezuela is better off but its troubles are not entirely over. The election of Señor Leoni to the Presidency was a triumph for the cause of liberty inasmuch as the Castro forces tried desperately by sheer terrorism to prevent the free elections — and failed. The terrorists are still at work in the outlying parts of the country but their drive is slackening. The economic slump is over, and people are less disposed to put up with them as another unbridled wave of prosperity looms. Building in Caracas—now a city of almost a million and a half—is picking up again at a terrific pace and the metropolis which gave birth to Simón Bolivar looks more and more like a New York set down in a subtropic ambiance. Yet this sight, in turn, highlights two other problems: the radical distinction between urban and rural life and the problem of the *gringo*.

The small towns and villages in North America and Europe are—up to a point — "exurbia." Antagonisms between the urban and rural communities exist in our climes but they no longer represent radically different worlds; cheap and easy travel, radio, television, newspapers and tourism have bridged the differences. Not so in other parts of the globe where illiteracy is rampant, where the lack of electricity limits radio and television and where rural tourism hardly exists. (Venezuela now issues postage stamps with the inscription: "See Venezuela First" and with a picture of mountain climbers in ice and snow —a cool vision in a hot climate.)

This radical difference between big city and country creates a psychological disturbance, a real trauma in the hearts and minds of the rural population which is irresistibly drawn to the bright lights of the city. The result is a disorderly immigration, a rapid growth of a proletariat frequently living in abysmal conditions on the periphery and sometimes even in the very center of cities like Caracas, Bogotá, or Lima (not to mention Santiago or Rio). These indescribable shanty-towns present endless numbers of problems that cannot be

(Continued on p. 76)

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T. S. Eliot, RIP

Death of a Poet

HUGH KENNER

"Up and down," said Mr. Eliot when I asked after his health; "or rather" (pause) "down and up." His way with the cliché was characteristic; did an unexamined phrase ever pass those lips, unless to be made an example of on the spot? He was rather more *up* than *down,* though not so far up as one would have wished. He had arranged himself at his desk before his visitor was admitted, and in the course of half an hour barely moved except to crane forward, for emphasis, the magnificent head, at the back of which silver hair curled over his collar.

Each detail of the décor was brought home by the least touch of overstatement. Was it a common watchworks that so massive a gold chain implied? Did that thick cylinder sheathe a mere fountain pen secreting mere ink? Was not the cloth of his suit a trifle heavy for even a London May? Its shoulders and lapels had been shaped with a Renaissance armorer's authority; style, it seemed to say, is custom emphasized.

He might have been a retired provincial banker, issuing in a firm sonorous voice testimonials to the character of departed clients. Twenty or so autographed snapshots were clustered on the office wall: W. B. Yeats, Lady Ottoline Morrell, James Joyce, somehow absorbing into their frail ambience the large newcomer, a studio glossy of Groucho Marx, the inscription on which began, "Dear T.S." ("The monuments of the past form an ideal order," he once wrote, "which is altered by the appearance of the new, the really new work among them.") He was giving, I think, for my benefit, and at some effort considering the state of his health, a farewell appearance as the Agèd Eagle. Eight months later to the day I heard of his death.

"Remarkable man, Mr. Eliot," his tailor had once murmured into my ear from around a mouthful of pins. "Very good taste. *Nothing ever quite in excess.*"

To careen on the verge of excess was his deliberate pleasure, in a milieu that did not always know how to distinguish him from Groucho Marx. He played its games with genial expertise, impersonating at whim the Man of Letters, the archdeacon, the banker, the Clubman (who in a sustained lunchtime cadenza for the instruction of transatlantic eyes sent back the Stilton

T. S. Eliot

as "rather past its prime" and then deftly arranged the staff of the Garrick, London's most reliable straight men, in supporting roles as he enquired after the identity of what he finally pronounced to be an Anonymous Cheese).

Playing the Weekly Reviewer, he once called *Hamlet,* with deliberated accuracy, "an artistic failure . . . the Mona Lisa of literature," so superbly counterfeiting the eccentric insolence of British pontification that the review in question has become a critical classic. About 1920 he even subverted the *Times Literary Supplement,* so that the charisma of its corporate anonymity was made to sanction a series of outrageous statements, ghostwritten by him, about the relative weights of Milton, Dryden, Donne and Andrew Marvell: Milton's work "a Chinese Wall," but Marvell, "the late Member of Parliament for Hull," *"un bel âme, qu'on ne fait plus à Londres."* Within twenty years these valuations no longer seemed outrageous, merely a bit obvious, for Eliot had effected almost single-handed our century's most massive revolution of taste.

An element of conspiracy is detectable. Pound once reproved him, about 1916, for a piece of polemic flamboyance, never published. "That's not your style at all. You let *me* throw the bricks through the front window. You go in at the back door and take out the swag." It was in fact a practicing Gentleman Burglar that London learned to respect, during that long meritorious career as businessman, Bloomsbury sage, editor, Anglo-Catholic, Nobel Prize-winner, and good European.

The role he never played was The Poet. Like John Donne, he was never by profession a poet, but a man of affairs whose accomplishments included the occasional writing of verse. Like Donne, freed from the distractions of managing a poet's career, he wrote the seminal poetry of an age. The Promethean feat of the will by which (again like Donne) he transmuted, during seven years, his private agonies into a grave unsettling system of echoes where the agonies of Europe came to recognize their own likeness—*Gerontion; The Waste Land; The Hollow Men*—went unknown, in his lifetime, for what it was, and he learned to be thought of as a connoisseur of anarchy.

The Maintenance of English

For four decades, resolutely guarding his private life in privacy, he gave himself to the maintenance of the English language, which, tending more than the French to disintegration, exacted of its practitioner, he once said, "a certain *animosity.*" To be a little outside of it evidently helps. The great prose stylist of Eliot's youth, who gave *The Hollow Men* its epitaph, was a Pole who had learned English word by word. In the twentieth century nearly everything memorable that has been done with the language has been the work of men from Ireland or America, for whom the English of England was to a slight but decisive degree a foreign idiom. Yeats, Joyce and Beckett did not abandon their Irishness, how-

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ever, nor Fitzgerald, Hemingway and Pound their American status; only Eliot took the risk of gradual symbiosis with the Establishment, studiously counterfeiting its rituals with a knowing almost-detachment that could transmute even a book review into distinction without recourse to mandarin rites like Pater's or Mrs. Woolf's.

Fine art, he said, "is the *refinement*, not the antithesis, of popular art." Style, he demonstrated by the turn of his every sentence as much as by the cut of his morning coat, is custom emphasized. To astonish, like his friend Wyndham Lewis, was not his way; he was content to study and improve on the customs of expression in which mere cultivated fluency daily indulged all around him. If we except the *Notes Towards the Definition of Culture*, he never wrote a book; he collected into books what would have been fugitive pieces of prose and verse had anyone else attempted to write them, so close are the forms they transmute to the occasional forms practiced in every British weekly, as commonplace in their literate expertise as so many games of bridge.

Imitated the Amateur

He even revived what has been since the 1750s the most English, the most drearily English, the most deadeningly minor of poetic norms: the poem of outdoor meditation. As the early *Prufrock* is nearly iambic pentameter, with irregular lines admitted in Webster's manner, so the late *Four Quartets* are nearly meditative landscape-poems in the manner of Collins and Gray, even to the metrical variety which Gray's generation of gentleman amateurs had repeatedly imitated, without one memorable result, from the Odes of Pindar. Eliot was even content to imitate the hallowed English stance of the gentleman amateur. If both *Prufrock* and the *Quartets* are current classics, it is in part because the normally well-read reader has read verse "like" them, and while acutely aware of their novelty is subliminally aware that much on the page before him is not merely novel.

William Carlos Williams performed a very similar operation on the patterns of speech he could hear in New Jersey streets, winning in the same way poetry from bathos, poetry's only source. Yet he repeatedly excoriated Eliot as a defector. Aware all their lives of the radical difference between American and English idioms, each pouring his blood repeatedly into poetic efforts turning on that difference, always imperfectly aware of one another, they will have much to talk over in Heaven.

Meanwhile the last living memories of the half-century during which a whole literature transformed itself run today through the mind of a silent man nearly eighty whose mailing address, many decades after Hailey, Idaho, is a Tyrolean castle, and whose winter routines carry him through the streets of Venice, to the mermaids by the chancel steps in Dei Miracoli or to the Carpaccios in San Gregorio degli Schiavoni. One cannot imagine Eliot, by any turn of fate, having spent his last years in that way. Indeed how little Pound, Eliot, Lewis, Yeats, Joyce, Williams, Ford, had in common! How little alike any two of them were! Only, at bottom, a common dedication united them, and a shared awareness of civilization endangered.

Two forces co-present, all would have agreed, made up the danger: universal literacy, which had made every civilized norm over-familiar and the past therefore banal, and the events which were offering the West, for the first time in its history, an *alternative* civilization, at a price which hardly seemed a price at all. The price was merely its soul, which it was no longer sure it possessed; merely to cut loose from the past, which had anyhow gotten so tiresome, and permit revolutionary energies to restructure the world.

In their lifetime the West came nearer than at any time in its history to completely abandoning its identity, and with barely a trace of crisis: a calm death, asleep, unshriven. Historians in the twenty-first century would barely have noticed that anything had happened.

That particular deception of the *Zeitgeist* was resisted, during the Pound Era, by a massive effort at reconstituting the meaning of "tradition," with the aid of the very curricula which, turning even vernacular poetry into a classroom subject, were making the banality of tradition seem so plausible. That Eliot, like Pound or Joyce, was a University man, oriented toward a teaching career which he abandoned apparently in a moment of lost direction; that each of them instead became schoolmaster to a generation; that finally they became part of the next generation's curricula: these are not random happenings but part of the strange process by which a world escaped being lobotomized.

A Midwestern American

Each participant accepted the predictable penalty, of being mistaken for the vanguard of barbarism. Eliot was willing to accept a further destiny perhaps even harder than Pound's exile or Williams' neglect: that of being excoriated, in later years, as the very incarnation of prudent deadness. There was even a certain relish in his assumption of the Lost Leader's role; luckily, roles had always amused him. In the 1964 *Who's Who* the officialdom which had all but suffocated him with honors and decorations received a sly reminder that T.S. Eliot, O.M., had come to his high estate from the shore of Mark Twain's Mississippi, in a land with its own idioms for ceremony; between a French distinction and a German one, he was careful to record his honorary deputy sheriffship of Dallas County (Texas).

He came far from St. Louis, but to a soil still native. East Coker in Somerset, which he chose for his place of burial, was the village from which his seventeenth-century ancestors had sailed to America, and he, amid the "ideal order" of its cemetery's monuments, imitating a stance of Thomas Gray's, had once celebrated

> *a lifetime burning in every moment*
> *And not the lifetime of one man only*
> *But of old stones that cannot be deciphered.*

East Coker closes with the words that Mary Queen of Scots had embroidered upon her Chair of State: "In my end is my beginning." Let this much be deciphered there on his stone, that in his end as a Midwestern American was one of Europe's perpetual, perpetually improbable new beginnings.

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Eastman's Loves and Revolutions

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

There were Communists who one day discovered that Communism was a *false* religion; and so they left it. Then there were Communists who one day discovered a *true* religion; and they therefore left Communism. And there also were Communists who discovered that Communism *was* a religion; whereupon they left the party in horror.

Because there is some truth in Ignazio Silone's quip that the ultimate battle of the age will be fought between Communists and ex-Communists, the diagnostics of renegacy from Communism remains a relevant concern of scholars. In no language I know am I acquainted with a more rewarding volume than Max Eastman's *Love and Revolution.* But then, this attractive autobiography of an attractive man will give insight and pleasure on many, and some more pertinent, grounds than mere scholarship.

Max Eastman (as anyone knows who has cavorted with the American *Zeitgeist* of the twenties and thirties) is the most handsome, the most serene and the wittiest protagonist of America's romance with Communism. The confessions Eastman has written at the age of eighty are patently honest, but Eastman, in the ninth decade of his life, knows of no sin to confess. He looks back at an eventful life with zestful appetite and finds no fault with it. Unlike the education of Henry Adams, that of Max Eastman makes no tragic sense. Here, if anywhere, we encounter The Hopeful American, The Good-Humored American—The Naive American. For, in spite of his considerable sophistication and even refinement, Eastman has gone through his long and stormy life with the untouched innocence of a happy pagan. This unpretentious man has the wholesome self-righteousness of the nineteenth century.

Love and Revolution, by Max Eastman. Random House, $8.95

The reason for this is, of course, that Max Eastman, whose mother and father were both Protestant ministers, completely lacks religious sensitivity. Or, to put the same observation in a different context, his God is Science. True, even in his scientific pursuits he remained an amateur (which, one should remember, means "lover") whose poet's sense of humor always kept him from committing the usual follies of the scientific mind. In his memoirs he identifies himself as one of the two most promising disciples of John Dewey (the other: Sidney Hook). And yet, a charming grace saved him from the fate of an obsessive philosophical commitment. Though his God was Science, he could easily do without any God.

Not even a *Reader's Digest* craftsman could undertake a condensation of *Love and Revolution,* for it is too rich and too tightly woven a tapestry of men and events, of historic drama and intimate comedy. Remembered in tranquility, all the episodes of an American revolutionary career gain in coherence what they lose in excitement; and not even Eastman's manifold amours, of which he tells with a generous intimacy, present a true *chronique scandaleuse.* One of the several aspects that distinguish Eastman's memoirs from Casanova's is the significant fact that Casanova was a loyal servant of his ladies' lust, while Eastman remains a "scientifically" cool observer of his own responses. Consequently, a reviewer must suggest to his readers that they do their own research in the vast area of Eastman's personal life; for no one could condense a moral from this Permanent Feast.

Max Eastman: *". . . the wholesome self-righteousness of the nineteenth century."*

Not so in the case of the Permanent Revolution. Though his revolutionary roots reach deep into the pre-Wilsonian Bohemia, the Golden Age of Greenwich Village, Big Bill Haywood and free love, Max Eastman's moment of truth came when he encountered Leon Trotsky and his Permanent Revolution. Here, for any poet to behold, the serene faith in a "scientific" happy-end of history had become flesh. And for the ten most meaningful years of his life, Eastman performed as History's (Trotsky's) messenger to the world (Bohemia). His memoirs demonstrate convincingly that these were not only Eastman's most meaningful, but also his happiest years: a man and his job fortuitously agreed in the closest possible fit.

The first ten years of the Bolshevik Revolution—Trotsky's years no less than Lenin's — were precisely Max Eastman's type of historical climate because, to the pragmatist, "the experiment" seemed "to work." Actually, of course, Communism is neither fathered nor inherited by pragmatists, but by genuine heretics—by religiously burning antagonists of Divine Creation. But Eastman never understood this. He still doesn't. Almost fifty years after the fall, he still thinks the trouble with Communism was that it wasn't "scientific" enough.

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Of all his books (and there are several excellent ones among them—*Enjoyment of Laughter*, for one) Eastman is fondest of *Marxism, Is It Science?;* and, after reading *Love and Revolution*, one knows why. The motivational forces of his revolutionary life were the optimism of indigenous American populism and the naiveté of indigenous American science-worship. What finally shocked Eastman into the benignly conservative attitude of his seventh and eighth decades were not such "abstractions" as Communism's upheaval against moral and natural law, or the eschatological meaning of man's arrogance. Eastman, one of John Dewey's two most promising disciples, profoundly distrusts such "abstractions"; even more, this extraordinarily fine mind was never capable of perceiving them. For, as I said before, Eastman proudly lacks religious sensitivity.

So he broke with Communism, truly and wholly, because Communism is no science. There are those who would abhor Communism even more if it were scientifically more coherent and better adjusted—if "it worked." Eastman is not one of those. Like George Bernard Shaw (in whose spiritual entourage he will retain an outstanding position of intimacy), Eastman has preserved and carried the optimistic scientism of the nineteenth century into the tragic religious wars of the twentieth century. And he broke with Communism because Communism *was* a religion. After a life experience that spans the years from the *fin de siècle* to Existentialism, Max Eastman gaily looks forward to the Promised Land of Science.

What makes him nonetheless a lovable teacher of our times is the poet who also inhabits this complex soul and belies the scientist. It is a long time since I read a book as pregnant with wit and spirited generosity as *Love and Revolution*. Of the hundreds of famous and infamous men and women who appear in Eastman's memoirs, I have known many; and I can testify that Eastman speaks of them with a profound understanding and great mercy. Anyone who knew Eliena Krylenko, Eastman's wife, will be grateful to him for having so truthfully immortalized this lady of incomparable poise and ineffable dignity. She, if anyone and anything, has ennobled Eastman's life; and he, in acknowledging this, reaches human greatness.

So let us light candles and celebrate Max Eastman for what he is and for what he is not. He most certainly is no prophet, no theologian, and no student of man's destiny. He is a graceful carrier of the nineteenth century's graceful heritage—a disarming joy in the pleasures of existence, a touching faith in the perfectibility of man, and the spirited courage of optimism. Everything considered, his loves meant more to him than his revolutions. He was promiscuous in both, but shall be forgiven because he never understood the meaning of sin. And he enjoyed laughter.

Fiction

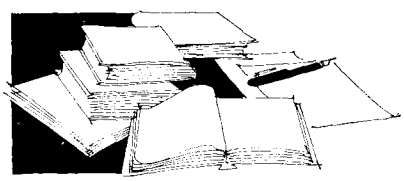
Tough Characters, Solid Novels

GUY DAVENPORT

The imagination, as our century has had to relearn, is an enterprise unto itself—not a subservient quality of mind, or an ingredient to spice thought, or mere sprightliness to give a gay touch to action otherwise dull. It is even convenient to think of it as an organism with an embryology, genetic destiny, and ripe maturity. The imagination of the storyteller has a biological identity as rigorously clear as a shark or a coconut tree. Scholars tend to its ancestry, critics to its ecology and health; devoted readers follow its growth.

The three works before us illustrate nicely Middle, Late and Early in three engagingly hardy imaginations. Jean Stafford (Mrs. A. J. Liebling) is mid-career; it is her seventh book we are looking at (though one of its stories is two decades old) and her imagination has come to a mastery of its life. Henry de Montherlant has been writing for fifty-eight years, relentlessly fostering a talent bordering on genius. Thomas Berger's imagination is but three novels old, but it came before us—and has remained—a whopping, wild, hilarious wonderment, beyond classification or systematic scrutiny.

Miss Stafford writes with a dry precision about those currents of life that run deepest in our lives and which control our most insignificant actions. In a childhood friendship she can expose the whole art of hypocrisy. In a story about a beautiful woman who is nothing but a beautiful woman she can make human vanity stand naked, helpless, caught in the act. The training of a dog reflects for her all the malevolence in the society of a small Colorado town. A cat can be made to contain the agony of a professor who has found



at last what he thought he had always wanted, a devoted, adoring student—who turns out to be a petrifying bore.

These stories are built by a master's hand; no detail is wasted, no irrelevance introduced. Yet they are visually rich and fast of action. At heart Miss Stafford is a psychologist, interested to trace the influence of one mind upon another, or to show the power of an idea growing in the mind. Action is but a metaphor for ingrained thought, thought that is often ironically at variance with the best interests of its subject, or so devilishly disguised that it moves best when undetected by the mind that harbors it. The ten stories of this collection are all excellent and do not easily fade from the memory. They are also very wise.

Henry de Montherlant is as elusive to categories as Wyndham Lewis, whom he resembles in many of his attitudes. His opinions tend to be more graspable than his dramatizations of them; he is uncompromis-

Bad Characters, by Jean Stafford. Farrar, Straus, $4.95

Chaos and Night, by Henry de Montherlant. Macmillan, $4.95

Little Big Man, by Thomas Berger. Dial Press, $5.95

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ingly traditional, and he does not consider the twentieth century a continuation of European tradition. Roughly, he resembles a fourteenth-century baron with a strong streak of Sparta and a touch of Athens in his predilections. He has been a bullfighter, athlete, and hardened traveler for the sheer joy of skilled muscle, danger, and the opportunity of spitting in death's eye. It is often confusing whether the piety he feels for life is pagan, Christian, or a dignified stiffening of the neck in the face of utter meaninglessness. It is, anyway, no surprise that in old age he should write a novel about a recalcitrant revolutionary who faces death with all the arrogant fatalism of a matador who, sensing the end of his luck, takes the bull's horns with disdain and with perfect style.

De Montherlant's revolutionary hero is Spanish, exiled in France, and deep dyed enough in anarchic tendencies to join in sentiment with the Missouri outlaw Little Harp who, on the gallows, gave as an explanation of his mischief "a settled hatred of my own species." The novel traces the last weeks of this proud old scribbler of articles. *Don Quijote* is as close as Spain ever got to the Enlightenment, and Spain is a country where revolutions are emphatically put down. Her wildest revolutionaries, there, are apt to be traditionally quixotic. But Spain, as de Montherlant shows (and Wyndham Lewis, in *The Revenge for Love*), is a country in which it is difficult to be paranoid; for just as it is difficult among Eskimos to know if one is cold-blooded, so is it a moot point as to whether the danger our hero feels in Spain (to which he returns, foolishly, quixotically, or bravely, we cannot tell) is illusory or justified. This is a hard, acid novel, but it is a clear statement of moral courage, and insists, like all of de Montherlant's work, that heroism belongs not to a bone head and oaken back but to clarity of purpose and an intrepid will.

THOMAS BERGER'S first two novels established him firmly among a growing coterie of readers as one of the funniest—and most serious—writers alive. Neither novel was widely reviewed; the stuff was simply too healthy for a faculty of professional assessors who can find something to say for carrion and for perfume, but can notice nothing in between. Mr. Berger's prose comes off the page like a buffalo stampede; his sense of the world is fat, strenuous, grand. His satire, like that of Aristophanes, Rabelais and Chaucer, needs a hard moral base from which to flail all that wobbles and stinks.

If Buster Keaton had been a novelist, he might have written *Little Big Man*. Here is a novel about the West—from the gold rush to Custer's Last Stand—as the Cheyenne saw the matter. Almost. Our hero and narrator, one Jack Crabb, sole survivor of Little Big Horn, is both Indian and white man (he was reared by Indians after a massacre), so that the deferential theme of the novel is the definition of the term "human being" in two cultures. Clearly the Cheyenne definition is the one mankind at its best has dreamed of meriting, however romantic. The white man has lost his heritage both as an excellent animal and as a philosophical creature. In the Cheyenne both are intact. Yet Rousseau and D. H. Lawrence have had not a whiff of influence on this novel. Mr. Berger's Cheyenne, anthropologically just so (Fenimore Cooper would be shocked and Zane Grey outraged), are an hilariously inconsistent, wise, stupid, warm, cruel

Random Notes

• THE MOVIES: Colonel Tim McCoy, the original black-shirted, black-jeaned, white-hatted cowboy (with a dash of silver or pearl here and there) comes out of retirement to plug a hoss thief or two in Premiere Productions' *The Bounty Killer*. And along with him, Johnny Mack Brown (fringed sleeves! black gloves!), Buster Crabbe (as clear-eyed in Zane Grey's *Nevada* as in the Flash Gordon serials) and Fuzzy Knight, Eddie Quillan, Bob Steele and Richard Arlen. . . . Isak Dinesen (Baroness Blixen), the Danish tale teller who sometimes wrote in English, did not allow any of her work to be filmed during her lifetime. Now her estate has released her masterpiece, *Out of Africa*, to Johan Jacobsen and Annelise Hovmand. The Baroness' brother, Thomas Dinesen, will assist in the direction of the film.

Sy Weintraub announces the thirty-seventh Tarzan picture, *Tarzan of the Marauders* (which will have, by the way, neither Jane nor a single elephant). Tarzan himself has not yet been cast. Requirements: "A new Tarzan, to fit the modern-day image: six foot three, articulate, well educated, but adventurous.". . . One of the films that was to have been shown at the New York Film Festival but wasn't (it was lost in transit) was Tinto Bras' Italian *Ça Ira*, a pro-Communist anthology of newsreels and passages from films "about revolutions of the past 250 years.". . . Marlon Brando's next film, *The Forbidden Game*, is being written for him by the novelist and playwright Jean Genet.

• THE PEOPLE: In Boston, when practically nobody came to see *Los Tarantos* (a Spanish film) at the Gary, the frustrated management invited the public in for free, whereupon one customer demanded on his way out that he be paid for having sat through it. . . . and in Dunn, N. C., the County Fair threw open the burlesque shows to Negroes for the first time, but not a single Negro was interested to have a look.

• BOOKS: Ford Madox Ford's classic tetralogy *Some Do Not, No More Parades, A Man Could Stand Up* and *The Last Post*, goes into paperback for the first time (Signet, two volumes, 95¢ and 75¢). . . . Ernest Samuels has completed the third and last volume of his study of Henry Adams, *The Major Phase* (Harvard, $10). . . . Skira adds Bonnard to its Taste of Our Time series ($6.75). . . . Françoise Sagan's account of her long pull out of drug addiction, *Toxique*, illustrated by Bernard Buffet with drawings even more anguished than Mlle. Sagan's prose, has been translated by Frances Frenaye and is published in the U.S. by Dutton ($3.95).

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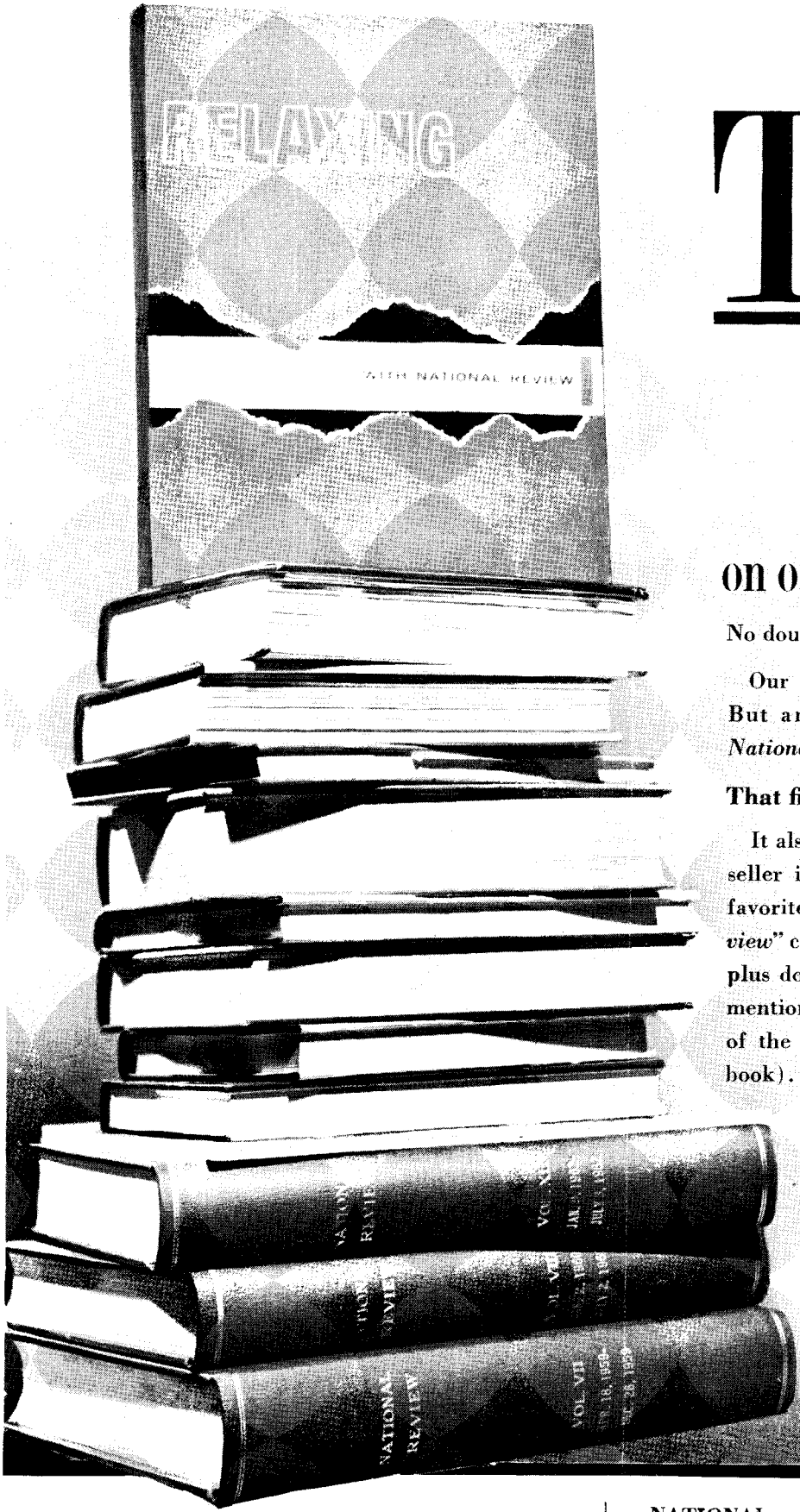

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people; and some of the scenes written for them are among the funniest in American literature.

It is high time that Thomas Berger be seen for what he is: a superb satirist, with the gift of understanding to boot. He was outdone in moral indignation before he began (by Swift and Mark Twain, for instance), and his innate pity for man's weakness can't hold a candle to Tolstoy or Melville. But for the two to be combined in one broad sensibility is rare indeed. He spares nothing; he damns nothing. Every tenderness in his story is erased by an unflinching gaze at meanness; every meanness is countered with benevolence from unexpected sources, or by luck.

One gathers that Thomas Berger has never had a thought in his life, only wildly disorganized enthusiasms and fits of disgust. His mind is as robust as a tornado, his eyes as sharp as a squirrel hunter's, his heart as capacious as a whale's, and his novels as generously unplotted as life itself. We hope he receives for this book the ultimate reward: a denunciation by the Department of the Interior (if the Government still has an Indian Agency) and a war bonnet from the Cheyenne—what's left of them.

'The Public Enemy'

M. STANTON EVANS

WHEN the noble general Stilicho tried by various stratagems to retrieve the Roman nation from collapse, he was vilified, betrayed and murdered. His protégé and successor Honorius denounced him as "the public enemy," then proceeded to deliver Rome as rapidly as possible into the hands of the rampaging Goths. As Rome struggled in its death agony, it turned with unerring instinct against the one man capable of preserving it and destroyed him. Whether the United States has a Stilicho in its midst today, it is certainly blessed with more than one Honorius. It has, indeed, a whole class of people, loosely identified as Liberal intellectuals, who have made it their business to seek out and brand as "the public enemy" anyone who offers a proper assessment of the perils which beset us.

The Strange Tactics of Extremism, by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. Norton, $4.50

Danger on the Right, by Arnold Forster and Benjamin R. Epstein. Random House, $4.95

When Rome destroyed Stilicho, it was apparent the empire longed to die and would strike those who sought to prevent the suicide. We have improved upon that performance by establishing a whole machinery of suppression for stopping would-be Stilichos before they can get started. The forces of American Liberalism have constructed, over the years, a kind of interlocking smear-bund, comprising scholars, journalists, governmental spokesmen, labor leaders and others, whose task it is to identify potential dissidents and smother them in their cradles. From this activity have emerged the pioneering *Authoritarian Personality*, a dozen other books about the menace of the American Right, full-blown propaganda war by the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education, governmental efforts to extinguish conservative comment in the public media, a host of TV programs "exposing" the Right, yards of newspaper and magazine copy, and the tireless labors of a blacklisting outfit called "Group Research, Inc.," whose findings, in the words of COPE, are to be used to "head off" and "dry up" conservative spokesmen.

The latest products of this crusade are *The Strange Tactics of Extremism*, by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet, and *Danger on the Right*, by Arnold Forster and Benjamin Epstein. Both are almost perfect examples of the Honorius mentality in the full bloom of torpor, fixing their attention resolutely on the imagined menace of the "Right," steadfastly ignoring the actions and utterances of the Left. Of the two, the Overstreet book is the more judicious in its analysis, attempting by an elaborate display of formal reasoning to show the unsuspecting reader how he may best immunize himself against the seductions of Robert Welch and Billy James Hargis. On page 145, for example, we are informed that "right-wing extremists" "constantly employ" the fallacy of the undistributed middle: "The Communists speak for peace. X speaks for peace. Therefore, these extremists declare, X is a Communist." The Overstreets — providing, incidentally, no specific example of this "constant" usage—ploddingly go on to demonstrate that it isn't necessarily so. But since this error in reasoning is common to the human kind, why have the Overstreets confined their analysis strictly to the Right? Are there no extremists or bad logicians on the Left?

"Extremism," presumably, is opinion or methodology which deviates from the majority or consensus position of the American people as a whole. Yet the Overstreets offhandedly slur as "extreme" the highly responsible and effective National Right-to-Work Committee, whose position on voluntary unionism has repeatedly been shown by national surveys to have majority support from the American people. "Extreme," then, apparently means a view which disagrees with the Overstreets' own Liberalism.

The Overstreets are not above a little smear of their own. They constantly equate the people they are discussing with the Communists, making the asserted "similarity" of the Bolshevik and the right-wing positions the major premise of their discussion. This cavalier stroke of the tar-brush tells as much by what it omits as by what it says. It equates

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loyal and law-abiding citizens with conspirators pledged to deceit, violence and treason; it also neatly ignores the whole spread of far-out non-Communist Left organizations and individuals who have wielded so baleful an influence on America's destiny. The poles of "extreme" opinion, in Overstreet's conception: a) the Communists, over against b) Birchers, For America, Clarence Manion, the National Right-to-Work Committee, the distinguished poet E. Merrill Root, and others with whom the Overstreets do not happen to agree.

IF THE Overstreet book is a misleading curiosity, the Forster-Epstein work seems a knowing effort to fulfill the COPE-GRI mission of "drying up" conservative spokesmen. The book was published, interestingly enough, in the middle of the 1964 campaign—odd timing for the assertedly non-political Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, which sponsored it. Equally odd was the DL's pretext for commissioning the book. The group's province is generally thought to be combating anti-Semitism. Not so, say the authors. There really isn't any organized anti-Semitism in America today; therefore, the ADL has launched an attack on the non-anti-Semitic "radical right." Clear?

Anyone impressed by that reasoning will find *Danger on the Right* just his intellectual meat. Others of more fastidious logical taste may be hard put to follow the authors' cut-and-paste anthology without flagging. The dominant technique, employed with less delicacy by Forster-Epstein than by the Overstreets, is to establish the John Birch Society as the supreme menace in American life, and then tie every conceivable conservative to the Birchers by noting "similarities" or "parallels" or, where these are not discoverable, by simple assertion.

There is no space in this review to discuss the authors' methods in detail, so perhaps I will be forgiven for introducing a personal example. In a book written some years ago, I attempted a brief analysis of the word "conservative." Confronted by an established revolution, I argued, conservatives must oppose what *is* in order to support what tradition tells us ought to be and thus "must invoke certain of the techniques which are effective in producing change." Quoting this, Messrs. Forster and Epstein go on to add the gratuitous slur that such a view "perhaps" (nice touch of conscience), "may be used to justify the John Birch Society's policy of employing the technique of secrecy in order to disturb the status quo."

Irrespective of the merits of my argument, which for present purposes may be assumed to be nil, it had nothing whatever to do with the John Birch Society or with the merits or demerits of any organization whatsoever. It should be apparent—and obviously was apparent to Forster-Epstein, who quote the passage at length—that the matter under discussion was one of philosophical predisposition. By dragging the John Birch Society in by the tail, they make it clear that their purpose is not rational discussion but smear.

The common failing of the two books is their obsessive concern with the Right, and their total oblivion to the possibility of any danger from the Left. Both assume that anything to the starboard of William Scranton may be with perfect justice classified as equivalent to the Communists, and that it is from this source alone that we may anticipate potential domestic trouble. They tell us a great deal about Robert Welch and his insidious design to have Birchers write letters to the editor. They tell us nothing at all about the Institute of Pacific Relations, Women Strike for Peace, Americans for Democratic Action, The Sane Nuclear Policy Committee, the *Liberal Papers* disarmament claque, or The Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

Records

Gustav Mahler—the Sadness of Horns

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

I CAN NEVER hear the stirring of the brasses in Mahler's Fifth Symphony without being overcome by the pure sadness of their voices. It is not the elegant sadness of Vigny's *Dieu! que le son du Cor est triste au fond des bois.* Even in Berlioz, the sensibility of French sorrow can never quite forget Provence. Sorrow, in any case, is a categorical manifestation; sadness is vagrant. And sadness never quite leaves the music of Gustav Mahler. It edges through even in the wild dance passages of the later scores. The solid peasant mind of Bruckner could not comprehend or assert what was inherent in Mahler, for Bruckner was simply building an architectonic stairway to paradise; Mahler was consciously struggling in Purgatory.

Much has been made of those biographical factors in the Mahler history which fit the cliché of the tortured composer: he was an Austrian provincial and therefore ridiculous to Vienna; he was a Jew and therefore hated by all in an atmosphere which, to Franz Kafka "smelled of blood." But this was nonsense. Vienna smelled of blood only to those whose naive good will called for the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the destruction of European unity. Today, they would smell blood in Washington—and with as little reason.

Mahler, with other Jews turned Catholic in antebellum Vienna, helped establish the spirit and the content of Austrian culture in the early years of this century. Each in his own way — Kafka, Schnitzler, Hoffmansthal, Rilke, Mahler — was afflicted with the sadness of the era, and each—whether in Baroque posturings, witty sexuality, flight through a macabre looking glass, or the flesh-rending search for definition—found an expression of it. And each, even Schnitzler, gave voice to the knowledge that the *Zeitgeist* was in extremis.

It is the sense of twilight which distinguishes the great masses of sound in Mahler's music. It has been said of him that he wrote as he wrote because, like Spinoza, he was a *Gottbetrunkener Mensch.* God-obsessed would be more accurate. As a musi-

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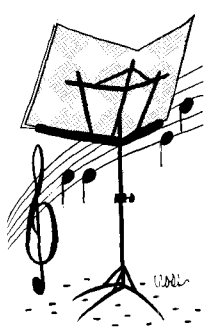
cian, he could resolve the chordal contradictions of a music which did and did not have a program, which tried to reconcile poetry and mathematics—but he could not resolve his conflict with God. He was a religious man who was eluded by the Presence and saw instead the death of small children.

His frustrations with a remote God in a dying era were compounded by his musical daemon. "My need to express myself in music symphonically begins precisely where dark feelings hold sway," he wrote to a friend in 1896, "at a gate which leads into the 'other world,' the world in which things no longer are divided by time and space." (Or, perhaps, even sound.)

Stravinsky was working on *Petrouchka* when the dying Mahler completed the adagio of his unfinished Tenth Symphony. *Petrouchka* was performed in 1911, the year Mahler died—and two years later the *Sacre du Printemps* made Mahler seem a romantic. Music took off on its long walk into futility and cerebralism. The classical revival was decades away. The condescenders took over music criticism. There was a strain of the classicist in Mahler, though his most devoted disciple, Bruno Walter, never quite realized it. His belief that grandeur was a function of dimension led him to write for orchestras which dwarfed those conceived by Berlioz, from whom he had learned much, and at lengths remarkable even for that time.



After Mahler's death, the grandeur —and the humor that went with it, as in the Funeral Movement in the First Symphony which takes its theme from *Frère Jacques*—seemed also to perish. In the 1930s—before the advent of the LP—only the First Symphony could be heard on disc. Now his *lieder* and his other works primarily for voice, which suffer all the ills of all *lieder*, are listed in Schwann's LP catalogue. So too are the nine symphonies and the completed portions of the Tenth.

The First Symphony is still the most popular and, I believe, the shortest. Bruno Walter's "serious" reading (Columbia ML-4958) is probably the definitive one. It was his hearing of this symphony, at age seventeen, that put him for his mortal time in Mahler's thrall. Walter certainly can lay claim to insights and special knowledge. For this reason, his recordings of the Fifth (Columbia SL-171) and the Ninth (Columbia M2L-276) might be said to dominate the field.

But I prefer Hermann Scherchen's conducting of the Fifth—and since the album also contains the adagio of the Tenth instead of the Mahler songs which complete the Walter recording, it has an additional virtue. The Fifth is perhaps the best of the Mahler symphonies. He had abandoned hope of casting in his own *genre* the Beethoven choral symphony and moved into a new phase. Because he was creating a style, his struggle with form give the Fifth a vitality and excitement not found in the later symphonies. It is, moreover, drawn more consistently from the dance and folk sources than any of the other symphonies. "Music begins to atrophy when it departs too far from the dance," Ezra Pound warned. Mahler never left it, but he was closest of all in the Fifth.

The brasses are clear and sad in the Fifth. They have not been buried in the acres of instruments of the later symphonies. They speak quietly and simply, those brasses, with more of God's intent than Mahler realized.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GRAVEDIGGERS, by Phyllis Schlafly and Chester Ward (Pere Marquette Press, 75¢). Although this short paperback was prepared for use in the recent election, it is far more than a political squib. The résumés of the programmed ebb of American military force around the world and of the simplistic extremism of McNamara's strategic planning are the most concise I've seen. The point is, of course, that Khrushchev was confident he would "bury" us only because he understood the essentially suicidal significance of the Liberal ideology of the West; and for every theorist who digs ideologies by the shovel, there's a drone who uses his shovel for drone's work—in this case, digging his, and our, grave. They, the Liberals, the appeasers, are our gravediggers. Against a shelf of books on the psychological, historical, and political "realities," it is well to have a volume or two like this one, dealing with the hard facts and remorseless logic of military weaponry. Despite the gratuitous mention of "Bilderbergers" and "New York financial interests," whose presence adds nothing to an already powerful argument, the book deserves the currency it has gained. At the beginning the authors prophesy that if we make the wrong choice in 1964 "there will be no second chance." Well, we made the wrong choice, but that doesn't mean that 26,000,000 of us will stop working for a second chance. Surely it was only a phrase of electoral oratory, and Admiral Ward and Mrs. Schlafly will already have found work for their sharp minds and fighting hearts.

W. F. RICKENBACKER

THE GOLDEN ROT, by Edwin P. Hoyt (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.95). This is one of those books that should never have been printed. Social decadence is a somber, complex subject that eludes the finest intellects. In Mr. Hoyt's hands, it is reduced to a mere catalogue of complaints, garnished with disconcerting and painful levity. He doesn't like doctors, lawyers, trains, Cassius Clay, tax collectors, bureaucrats, Dwight Eisenhower, federalism, Joe McCarthy, businessmen, planned obsolescence, magazines, and—you name it. But he likes John Kennedy and the Peace Corps. Mr. Hoyt hasn't the foggiest idea which of his peeves are decadent and which aren't. Remedies, however, he proffers in abundance: socialize medicine to discipline doctors; start a national lottery to make life worth living for the serfs; legalize gambling to end hypocrisy. Occasionally Mr. Hoyt spices his treatise with plunges into addleheadedness. Thus: "Contempt for the entire judicial process is apparent . . .

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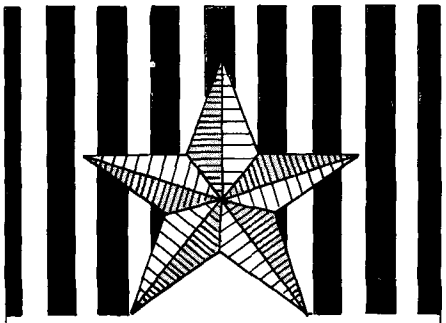

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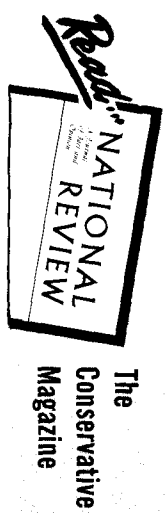

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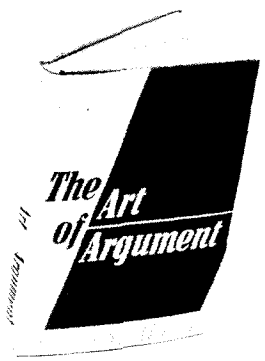
in vicious attacks on the personal loyalty of Earl Warren. . . ." Or: "Much of the responsibility for the growing disrespect for law lies with the lawyers themselves. The national image of the American lawyer is of a man who disdains the courts. He wants to 'negotiate' everything. . . ." Or: ". . . the only sensible approach to education is a federal approach—federal aid and federal standards for education. Local controls can be maintained, and the protectors of the people can be the Congress. . . ." Oh well, much can be forgiven Mr. Hoyt for noting that people can still subvert bureaucracy by ignoring their Zip codes.

R. S. WHEELER

IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, by Joseph Wood Krutch (Sloane, $5.95). On page 121 of these "Essays on Man and Nature," Krutch gives "the three minimum tasks" of the reviewer: to "describe the book," to "communicate something of its quality," and to "pass judgment upon it." For the first, this book centers around several *foci*: social thought, the task of the writer, the theater, and thoughts on nature. Its "quality" is informal, a bit bashful (hence the title) and yet a little didactic—but this is didacticism with a dfference: one perceives that the author has proceeded from puzzlement to self-instruction to reflections upon the process and finally, to a public pronouncement. In this process, he has managed to conceive a reverence for *both* Thoreau *and* Dr. Johnson, to declare that "Mencken's was the best prose written in America during the twentieth century," and to admire George Bernard Shaw, evolution, and Eugene O'Neill. All this and more—"quality" in this case would have to mean giving an impression of the engrossing texture of his thought: a restless but unflustered attention to odd details and unsuspected paradoxes in ideas both old and new, and a real affection for the sheer process of thinking. "To pass judgment" would be to say that despite devil-may-care typesetting this is a worthy book. A merely good book is read—and mostly forgotten; this one will be used: it stimulates thought and reactions.

D. J. STEWART

HOW TO ARGUE AND WIN!



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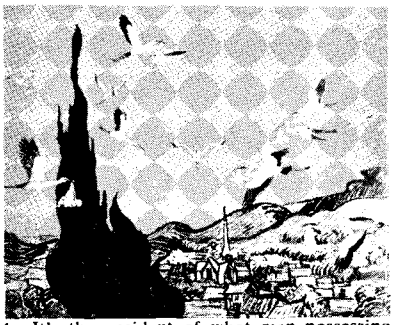
Being Positive About Art

is as silly as being positive about what the weather will be year after next. Too many unpredictable things can happen on this earth to warrant an infallible tone on the subject — as you will see very clearly brought out in these three cartoons.

The facts stare you in the face. And yet, you could easily read all the art books in a good sized library and find no mention of them at all. Why? Because the facts contradict the credo within which Art's "insiders" have been making themselves solid and comfy for centuries.

"Art Is Too Important To Kid Yourself About"

The habit of delivering positive and timeless verdicts ("good", "bad", "immortal", etc.) has become so ingrained in them that to have the habit branded as what *it* is — ridiculous and even shameful — very naturally dismays and terrifies them, especially when so many of them are deriving financial and prestige benefits therefrom.



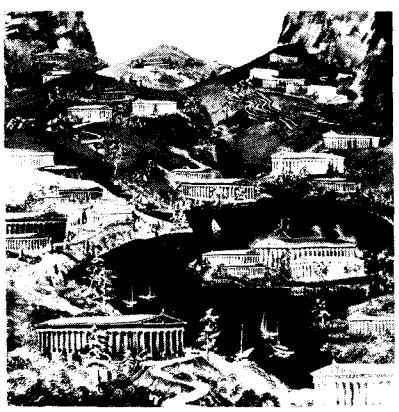
1. It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth in what quantities and at what times that usually decides which art works are considered "great", and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previous been considered.

It's a sad situation, no doubt; but there is nothing new about it. Reputable men have found themselves similarly trapped a dozen times in history as, one by one, their earlier delusions — from astrology and casting out devils, down to phrenology, the divining rod and the ever-enduring stability of the atom — have been exposed as frauds.

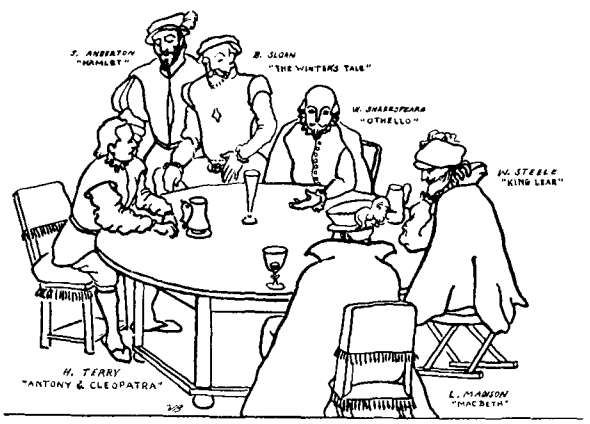
Let them take their medicine as their predecessors did, and get it over with. The time has come to make a change.

At least subconsciously, you have probably long been aware that the "immortality" of art was nonsense — a product of man's proneness to "wishful thinking". What do you gain by pretending otherwise and letting yourself remain vulnerable to such preposterous nonsense as is quoted below? Many a thoroughly cultured man, as you probably realize, wouldn't so much as turn his head sideways for the amount of "spontaneous delight" he would derive from the Parthenon sculptures. They've become boring. The chances that they will have anything more than historical importance twenty centuries from now is too small to be worth considering. And other art works are headed the same way. It's largely a guessing game as to the order in which they will thus deteriorate into emotional insignificance.

This does not mean that you deny that an art critic may often know more about art than you do. It means only that you deny him the right to use that greater knowledge to *subjugate* you (see remarks by Bertrand Russell) instead of to *instruct* you. CONJECTURISM helps you to see which kind of critic you are up against, and to act accordingly. It's rational, tough-minded, mature. It accepts (rather than conceals) what are indubitable facts and then makes the best guesses it can under the circumstances.



2. Too many Parthenons! As soon as you admit that an art work can continue being "immortal" only if *certain things don't happen*, you are admitting, in effect, that it is not really immortal at all. What counts is how fast you tire of it.



3. Imagine that Shakespeare's plays had been written by a number of men (as suggested above) instead of by only one. All the plays' "eternally great qualities" would still be there, would they not? And yet, simply because your estimate of *how difficult it was to create them* had been reduced, your estimate of their greatness would be proportionately reduced.

"Eclipses were the earliest natural phenomena to escape from superstition into science. The Babylonians could predict them . . . but the priests kept their knowledge to themselves, and used it as a means of increasing their hold over the populace." Bertrand Russell

"Everywhere he goes, the Frenchman is in sight of magnificent material achievements that he can at best hope to equal but not to surpass. He will not build a more beautiful church than the cathedral of Chartres; a more magnificent palace than Versailles; a more elegant square than the Place Stanislas in Nancy; a more impressive memorial than the Arc de Triomphe in Paris."

"and the spontaneous delight that everyone feels before the Parthenon sculptures will last as long as the human race rejoices in the name of man."

If this were true there soon wouldn't be anything left for artists to do except to be "also-rans".

Plain Humbug*

Man may not be nearly so close to his end as these rash prognostications would lead you to think. Biologists estimate that he has existed on earth some ten million years and there would seem to be at least a possibiliy that in the next ten million he might produce art works compared to which the best that man has produced so far would seem like something done by a badly retarded Cro-Magnon.

"No words that man can any more set side by side can ever affect the mind again like some of the great passages of Homer."

"Language greatly used has all the sanction of a sacrament; the race is as incapable of forgetting a great poem as it is of losing its last wish under the stars."

Dante reaches the "highest point that poetry has ever reached or ever can reach."

"Everyone knows the first sentence of *Moby Dick* ('Call me Ishmael'). It is one of the grand openings in fiction, dramatic, evocative, portenious. The three words, like the first four notes of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, cannot be reduced to banality by repetition; they still reverberate."

And so on. There are a thousand similar ones.

* All by famous critics. Names on request.

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Conjecturism

is the modern approach to art

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It brings art up-to-date much as Evolution brought Biology up-to-date — namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but temporary conjecture. The proper function of the critic (and art museum) ceases to be that of merely revealing beauties but becomes, more importantly, that of helping man to outgrow (or tire of) them—and the sooner the better.

Man moves ahead by progressively satiating himself of beauties at higher and higher levels and not by complacently sanctifying (or fossilizing) them. Sanctifications are "road-blocks", and the greater the number of them man accepts the more tightly he imprisons himself.

Conjecturism is by no means an indiscriminate throwing overboard of current beliefs. Its purpose is more to give the rationally-minded man a starting point, from which he can develop his own appreciative problems, carefully, a little at a time, rather than have them "solved" for him instantaneously by clairvoyant-type men (or more popularly "wise guys") who often derive their chief enjoyment from brow-breating the unsophisticate.

Pretentious Humbug

If you are determined to have immortal art works on this earth, then there are a number of obstacles you must face. First, all the immortal art works must be accepted as of exactly equal merit. The *Iliad* can't be a shade better than *Hamlet*, nor *Hamlet* a shade better than *Twelfth Night*, nor a Beethoven symphony a shade better than one by Brahms. Second-bests and almost-immortals are inconceivable.

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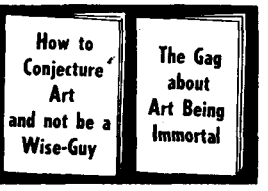


This obviously requires you to accept the existence of two completely separated worlds of art. In one are the eternal art works, all sharing a common par of absolute perfection; and in the other, all the ephemeral art works, ranging widely from bad to good.

It's a neat-sounding idea, and critics love it. Nothing pleases them more than to find great chasms in art, on one side of which is perfection and on other side the merest trash. Not only does it help them overawe the "ignorant public" but it reduces their own guilt complexes by making it easier for them to think that their merit-verdicts have real authority, after all, instead of being something mainly drawn out of a hat. That the chasms are as manifestly non-existent as the one between night and day disturbs them not a bit.

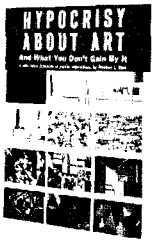
Here are three famous critics* stepping manfully up and announcing their discovery of these chasms. "Reading *War and Peace*, again and again", says one of them, "is to realize the immeasurable gulf that is fixed between a merely good book and a great one." "I also expect" states another, "that the gap between serious fiction and popular fiction will widen."
*names on request.

And next, here is one of America's greatest art institutions falling in line and showing you how miraculously — how unerringly — a truly great painter can see, and consequently avoid, those seemingly tiny errors which, if he had committed them, would have denied his immortality.

In one of the three compositions, A, B, and C, according to the institution, there is not a line, an attitude, a relationship that we could change without disrupting the balanced harmony. Similarly, of one of the pictures D and E, you are told that the turning of the model's head has made the whole structure fall to pieces. Both statements are untrue as actual tests have shown.

Don't be deceived by this pretention humbug. The effort to concentrate all man's admirations on a single formula of perfection simply builds up his hunger for the "imperfect" formulas to an exasperation where the satisfying of that hunger becomes a matter of life and death. After all, how can you condemn an art work as imperfect, when — once you have obediently destroyed it — you find yourself compelled to recreate it out of mere physical necessity. Not only can every alleged perfection be annulled by the world's bringing excessive pressure on it (as in the case of the Parthenon) but that alleged perfection may itself have been "synthetically" manufactured (without your knowing it) by a revolt against an earlier perfection which had been similarly over-exploited.

Is there too much hair-splitting in this for you? There shouldn't be. The appearance of hair-splitting derives from man's delusion about art being immortal. The effect of the delusion is as deadly in its hurt (though thinly spread over the entire population) as was witch-hunting, in its day, on the few hundred who were its victims.



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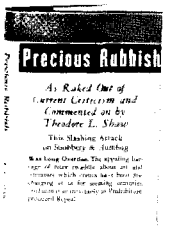

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KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

(Continued from p. 62)

solved in the near future. (The same problem exists all over Africa and Asia.)

The problem of the *gringo* is of a subtler nature. Caracas, more than any other big city, is filled with *gringos*, a term that applies not only to Americans these days but also to the Irish, Germans, Italians, Portuguese, and, more rarely, to Spaniards. The Spaniards form a fairly large element in the city. They arrived either after the Civil War or during the Allied boycott of Spain. As a class, the Spaniards are unpopular (as everywhere in America) because of their haughtiness, dexterity and efficiency. They are the new-old *conquistadores*, and it is amusing to see that leftist refugees from "Franco-Fascism" have acquired real estate, houses, factories, and so on. Little remains of their socialist and Communist convictions. There is no doubt that the *gringos* are an essential part of Venezuelan life; that without them the Caracas miracle would not have occurred. This is recognized by the abler Venezuelans who cooperate willingly with the *gringo* element and thus become easy targets for leftist demagogues. They realize the necessity of foreign investments in the development of their country and draw a line between genuine and false patriotism. (Venezuela, by the way, has *by far* the highest rate of American investment in Latin America.)

Student Riots

Unfortunately, Venezuela suffers from the same cancer of nineteenth-century Marxist and semi-Marxist thinking which is the mortal illness affecting all economically backward countries from Russia and China to Cuba. The state universities (as practically everywhere in Latin America) are hotbeds of leftist radicalism, socialism and Communism. In Caracas, no less than in Bogotá or Lima, student riots, interspersed with strikes of the rather poorly paid professors, are the order of the day with the result that the richer students matriculate at the Catholic universities where tuition fees have to be paid but where there is more rigorous discipline. Those who can afford it study abroad.

Here, as elsewhere, the danger lies in the mobilization of envy in the service of leftism. The leftists maintain that the age-old misery of the masses is almost entirely due to the boundless egotism of the rich who cleverly exploit the poor. Yet, why, oh why, do poor *gringo* immigrants succeed almost automatically?

The question to be resolved is this: can one go from the relative poverty of a pre-industrial society to decent modern living standards without wading for some time through the dark river of misery? Is it possible for young, nascent industries to pay, immediately, anything like a living wage? Salaries and wages, after all, have to come out of sales. In the oil industry the situation is different because oil goes to *world* markets. Mr. Green in Kansas City helps pay the high wages of Venezuelan or Colombian oil workers. Venezuelan textiles, on the other hand, do not reach foreign markets. But the illusion persists that there is a shortcut through a certain period of indigence and this shortcut is called "redistribution." But to redistribute a pointed pyramid has no practical effects. The "top" is high but too thin and insubstantial. The real key to general wealth lies in hard and sustained work, wise investment and efficient organization. This presupposes certain qualities in the mass of the population. And these qualities, rarely to be found in agrarian societies, again presuppose a mixture of toughness, sophistication, egoism, practical materialism, a somewhat puritanical mind and a taste for "self-interest" which may be found in a considerable segment—but only a segment—of the Latin America elites.

In the masses one encounters only the dream of a good life as represented by foreign movies, occasional television shows, illustrated weeklies and the startling luxuries of international tourism. But how can this good life be provided? Foreign aid will never be sufficient for this purpose, and to believe that social reform should or could precede economic improvements is childish. Only a change of mind and mentality of the many can change this situation.

A friend recently overheard the following remark in a Bogotá bus: "I tell you—Americans, Germans, Spaniards, they're all Jews—*Judíos todos.*" Once the Latin Americans have become *Judíos todos* their political and social problems will largely be solved. But then their charm may also have gone.

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 44)

Attorney General! I suppose you were disappointed when Jimmy Hoffa was convicted and when the Justice Department was cleaned up.

I think you are very jealous of the Kennedy family, although I don't know why.

Drexel Hill, Pa. FRANCES F. MC ELROY

Why are we jealous? Because they are rich, beautiful, talented and powerful, that's why we're jealous! —ED.

Errata

There is a mistake in Francis Russell's review of the Chaplin autobiography [Dec. 1]. He states that "the Paramount rooster flapped its wings, raised its neck and crowed . . ." It was the Pathé rooster.

If my memory is not too far wrong, in the days of the "rickety wooden chairs" the rooster trade mark had not yet been animated and Paramount Pictures had not been born.

Roanoke, Va. H. L. KLINK

NATIONAL REVIEW errs in characterizing Mata Hari's husband as "an alcoholic British officer" ["Books in Brief," Nov. 17]. Alcoholic Jan Rudolf *Mac*Leod may have been; British he was not. Holland-born and bred, this officer of part-Scottish descent served in the Royal Netherlands Colonial Infantry, Far East.

Acapulco, Mexico JIM TUCK

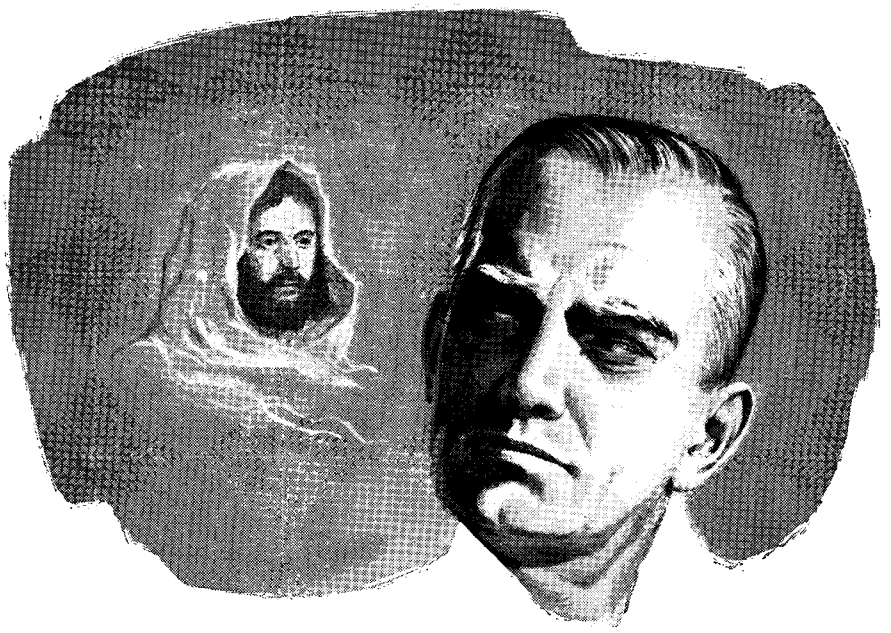
Got and Gotten

The lady from Frisco, your correspondent [Nov. 3] whose goat you had gotten with your past participial "got," would have evoked a bleat from the late William Lyon Phelps.

Dr. Phelps had gotten (pshaw!, had become) venerable with years of lecturing on English Litt. at Yale when he told the story of his friend who, unable to reach his wife in the suburbs by telephone to inform her of his success in obtaining tickets for the theater for that evening, dispatched a telegram to her which he worded: "HAVE GOTTEN TICKETS FOR TONIGHT MEET YOU AT THEATER." Western Union delivered the message and, said Dr. Phelps, his friend got the surprise he jolly well deserved when his wife met him at the theater with eight friends. Gotten it?

Huntington, N.Y. PAUL J. CARLIN

Something Tells Me!



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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Inventor who died at the Alamo.	189 29 163 70 22
B. What the 994 dupes needed (Chap. 13, "Yankee in King Arthur's Ct.," 3 wds.).	129 47 24 168 119 73 179 13
C. Nicer term than depression.	148 115 55 164 25 35 63 191 104
D. Part of a Pullman.	165 134 167 78 105 146 180 158
E. Three times as important as footmen but not as important as rodmen.	188 48 178 14 98 79 65
F. True surname of "Father Prout."	23 56 2 109 106 97
G. Governor who was born in Mexico.	64 118 135 16 110 172 90 162 187 196 181 99
H. How the bored might say "Yes, yes."	100 84 26 40 3
I. An aviator's stunt (3 wds.).	114 197 183 49 4 121 17 30 190 159 102
J. How many pay for their meals (2 wds.).	176 41 107 58 139 153 85 18 173 184
K. Place to see VIPs, London and Washington (2 wds.).	1 59 19 80 141 42 91 156 174
L. A plant louse (one of two forms).	15 161 147 5 131

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. Imposition on hitch-hikers (2 wds.).	32 154 92 60 96 20 82 71 192 137
N. Type of rifle.	45 6 127 31 86 57 136
O. Act of rescinding.	76 111 83 116 33 93 124 66 50 27
P. Horrible way to die, according to the relatives.	169 67 7 94 87 43 150 108 122
Q. Member of Belonidie school.	182 89 140 95 51 149 128 185 170 8
R. Double talk that is for the birds (2 wds.).	198 10 132 155 53 112 36 177 194 117
S. She travels in sheep's clothing.	9 68 37
T. New Year's (2 wds.; one of two forms).	12 103 44 69 133 62 142 171 126 186 175 193
U. Not the voice of God in USSR (2 wds.).	38 11 74 28 144 61 123 130 54
V. Part of human foot.	52 166 152 75 39 101
W. Spent.	81 145 160 46 120 77
X. County in New York State.	88 113 157 138 34 72 125 195 151 143 21

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 K	2 F	3 H	4 I		5 L	6 N		7 P	8 Q	9 S		10 R
11 U	12 T	13 B	14 E		15 L	16 G	17 I		18 J	19 K	20 M	21 X	22 A	23 F	24 B	25 C
	26 H	27 O		28 U	29 A	30 I	31 N	32 M	33 O	34 X	35 C		36 R	37 S	38 U	39 V
	40 H	41 J	42 K	43 P		44 T	45 N	46 W	47 B		48 E		49 I	50 O	51 Q	52 V
53 R	54 U	55 C	56 F	57 N		58 J	59 K	60 M	61 U	62 T	63 C	64 G	65 E		66 O	67 P
	68 S	69 T	70 A	71 M	72 X		73 B	74 U	75 V	76 O	77 W	78 D	79 E		80 K	81 W
82 M	83 O	84 H	85 J	86 N	87 P		88 X	89 Q	90 G	91 K		92 M	93 O	94 P	95 Q	
96 M	97 F		98 E	99 G		100H	101V	102I	103T	104C	105D	106F	107J		108P	109F
	110G	111O	112R		113X	114I	115C	116O	117R	118G	119B		120W	121I	122P	
123U	124O	125X		126T	127N		128Q	129B	130U	131L	132R	133T	134D	135G	136N	137M
	138X	139J	140Q		141K	142T	143X		144U	145W		146D	147L	148C	149Q	150P
151X	152V		153J	154M	155R		156K	157X	158D		159I	160W		161L	162G	163A
164C	165D		166V	167D	168B		169P	170Q		171T	172G		173J		174K	175T
176J	177R	178E	179B	180D	181G		182Q	183I	184J		185Q	186T		187G	188E	
189A	190I	191C	192M		193T	194R	195X		196G	197I	198R					

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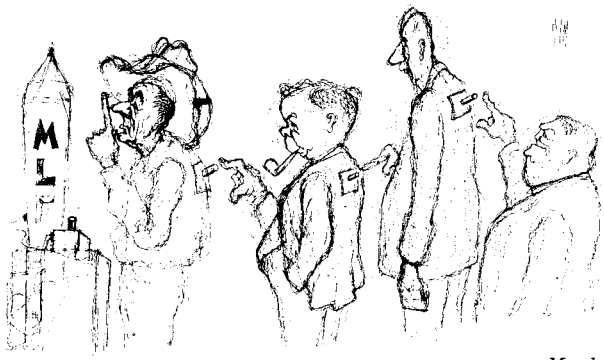
For The Record

Musical chairs: now that Rep. James Roosevelt has announced that he intends to run against Sam Yorty for mayor of Los Angeles, Californians expect Pierre Salinger to make a public play for Roosevelt's congressional seat. . . . Another Roosevelt, Franklin D. Jr., taking a cue from Bobby Kennedy, reportedly is thinking of moving to West Virginia in order to run for the Senate from there (New York being senatorially overcrowded these days). Roosevelt, one of the earliest JFK backers in 1960, undoubtedly reasons that if he is to hold any political office in the Age of Lyndon it will have to be elective. . . . Rewarded: Rep. Phil Landrum (D., Ga.) got the coveted seat on the House Ways and Means Committee he was denied two years ago. Landrum, whose Liberal credentials were shredded when he cosponsored the Landrum-Griffin labor law, regained his spurs by heroic work on Lyndon Johnson's anti-poverty bill last summer.

South Africa is taking no chances: faced with distinct possibility of a worldwide arms embargo, it is setting up two aircraft factories, one to build military jets, the second to build commercial planes. . . . James Ochwatta, a Kenyan civil servant and self-proclaimed bishop, is now engaged in recruiting ex-Mau Mau terrorists (black mercenaries?) to beef up rebel forces in the Congo. Ochwatta reports the situation in the Congo has deteriorated alarmingly because of the "massacres by white fascists.". . .Another reason for the deterioration, according to some Congolese rebels who have fled to the Sudan, is that Pres. Gbenye absconded with gold he had collected for payment to his troops. . . . Interesting statistic: the 35 members of the Organization of African Unity, a powerful UN bloc, pay exactly 1.7 per cent of the annual UN budget (when they pay).

A step toward more orderly government was taken in Brazil when a reform was introduced into both Chambers that would eliminate any party that fails to a) get at least 5 per cent of the popular vote or b) elect at least five deputies. This could eliminate as many as nine of the thirteen parties now operating in Brazil. . . .Given ten-year sentences for espionage: nine Red Chinese "journalists" and "trade representatives" who were picked up in Brazil at the time of the coup last year.



Monde

Roy Wilkins, head of the NAACP, says he has assurance from Sargent Shriver that civil rights workers who have criminal convictions as a result of picket activities will not be barred from posts in the anti-poverty Job Corps. Wilkins last week agreed with NYC Police Commissioner Murphy that talk about probable race rioting next summer is bad and dangerous. . . . Rioting abroad, particularly when directed against U.S. embassies and libraries, has got Sen. Symington riled up. He will offer an amendment to the foreign aid bill that would automatically cut off, for a period of twelve months, aid to any country that permits rioters to damage U.S. property.

How to be an "un" thing or person, Soviet-style: Albania has managed it and is not even mentioned in the USSR 1965 directory of "favorable" postal rates for "fraternal countries"; and so has Khrushchev. Users of the 1965 Soviet calendar are solemnly instructed to pull out April 17—Comrade shhhh's birthday—and substitute for it a new April 17 leaf celebrating Lenin's "Tasks of the Proletariat" speech.

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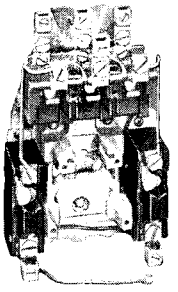
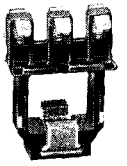
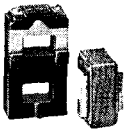
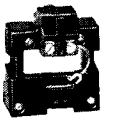
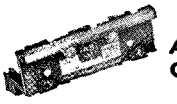
TAKE  Basic Starter Assembly

ADD  Movable Contact Assembly

ADD  Pressure Molded Coil and Yoke

ADD  Coil Cover

ADD  Hot Molded Arc Hood

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it stands to reason—

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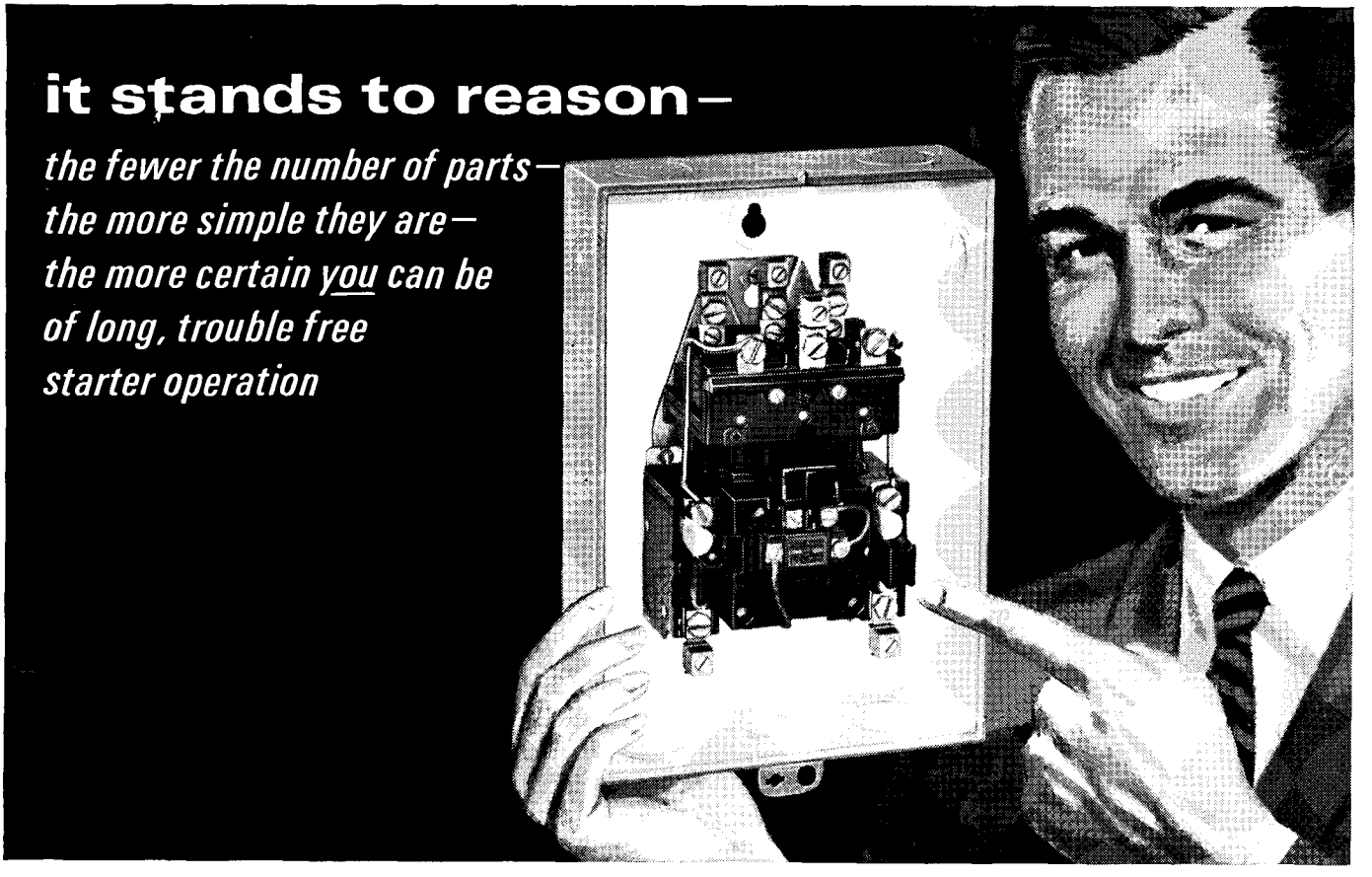
starter operation



■ **The above starter can represent any one of the Bulletin 709 Series K starters—from Size 0 to Size 5—because all use similar basic parts. Know one Bulletin 709 Series K—and you know the entire line.**

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Old times are past, old days are done;
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